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SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE.

We have received the following verses from a friend on Johnson's Island, Ohio, who says he got them from a reb. confined there:

A Rebel Refrain.

Composed by a rebel prisoner confined on Johnson's Island, who is anxiously awaiting his parole that he may hasten to his love, and there be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A bunk have I;
A couch of feath'ry down fills up the same—
Mules' straw have I;
She sinks to sleep with scarce a sigh,
With waking eyes I watch the hours go by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I;
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Coarse grub have I;
Her wine she sips at ease her thirst to slake,
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.

My love has all the world wherein to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
So can not I;
Bright angels watch around her cot at night,
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between
My love and I;
To her this summer night, warm, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh;
And hope with all the earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole.

There's hope ahead—we'll meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all sorrow from
Her love lit eye;
We'll all our many troubles then beguile
And keep this wayward reb. from Johnson's Isle.

FRANK BROWER—Ethiopian Comedian. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

THE WHITE GIPSY:

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE GHOST HUNTERS.

Under the cliffs, in the pale moonlight, they sat. Harry's arm was around the young girl's waist, and he was breathing passionate love into her too willing ears. Yet, amid all, her tears flowed freely, and her form trembled, as with an agitation she could not disguise.

"My dearest Annie," said Harry, "it seems like a dream. Does it not appear so to you?"

"What?"

She spoke in a bewildered tone. Her thoughts were busy in the future.

"Our being together again," he added. "Oh! you know not how bitterly I have mourned the past—how I have prayed for a brighter future!"

He talked of praying! She answered not. He proceeded, bending more closely over her, and taking her hand.

"You will not refuse me this time—cruelly, heartlessly—as you did before?"

"Refuse you what?"

"Refuse to fly with me from this country—from your hated bondage?"

"Do not tempt me."

"Tempt you! Who can help tempting you, when every and any change is for the better? Come, tell me, dear one, you will come with me?"

"I must have time to think," she said.

He uttered an exclamation of angry impatience.

"Time!" he cried. "Why?"

"I have said—to think."

He laughed scornfully.

"To think!" he cried. "Of what?"

"Of the step—the terrible step you propose to me."

"Terrible!" he exclaimed; "why, what is there terrible about it?"

She eyed him reprovingly.

"Harry!" she said in a low murmur, rendered more musical by the liquid tone of sorrow imparted to it by gathering but unshed tears, "Harry, I am married to Major Fortescue, and love you. Yet, up to this time, I am a virtuous woman."

He hung his head, and made no reply. Annie proceeded.

"My family have, since my marriage, recovered the position they had lost. Aided by my husband, my father has speculated with great success, and he is now once more the honored merchant. My sisters, now budding into womanhood, are looking round for honorable men whom they can select as husbands. What, then, can I do? Can I sacrifice them all for myself? Can I so lightly resolve to fly from my husband's roof, and bring dishonor upon them all? Oh, Harry! I love you dearly, but I cannot—I cannot do as you ask me!"

She leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept bitterly. He drew her more closely to him and whispered tender, burning words, which she should have blushed to hear. But in that moment when she lay upon his breast, she forgot everything but that she loved him, and was unhappy. She was roused from this reverie of love by the striking of a distant clock. She started up.

"I must return home," she said.

"Home!" cried he, bitterly. "Home, truly it is! When shall I see you again?"

"Never, Harry—that would be my best answer."

"Drive me not mad," he cried, "by talking of impossibilities. You are my hope—my fate! I can never leave you; and yet, loving you as I do, you will not give me one single proof of your love. You will not promise that you will leave this hateful place—this house to which it makes me tremble to see you returning."

They were now walking towards Rosemary Cottage.

"Tell me," he urged again, "when will you see me again?"

"When you choose to name."

"To-morrow then, at nine."

"But not at the gate—it is dangerous; to-night we were nearly discovered. Meet me at the end of the lane."

So Annie returned home once more a virtuous woman in deed, though scarcely in mind. She was wavering on the edge of the precipice, and ere many meetings had taken place she had fallen. Then the remorse which followed her guilt told upon her, and her husband observed, with hourly increasing uneasiness, her changed manner and her altered looks. It was a fortnight after her first meeting with Harry Barnley at the gate, that they sat down on a fallen tree in a little shrubbery not far from the cottage. It was close to the cliff side.

"Oh, Harry!" cried she, drooping down by his side like one overwhelmed by a terrible grief,—"oh, Harry! I am so unhappy. I have done wrong, very wrong. I fear now to gaze upon my husband's face—I feel almost ashamed to meet the eyes of any."

The young man pressed her to his heart fondly.

"I wonder now," he said, "how you can endure his presence."

The girl wept bitterly, yet not with remorse. It was with anger at her position.

"I cannot endure it longer," she cried, wildly. "I must leave this place. To-morrow I will quit the cottage forever."

"You will come with me then?"

"Yes. But now, Harry, I must go home. I am ill and sick at heart."

She rose. He embraced her fondly and parted, after making an arrangement to meet on the following evening, when Harry promised to have a carriage in readiness. From this point to Rosemary Cottage the path lay by the cliff side. The path, in fact, was only protected by a light paling; and you could see miles away across the bright sea, which shimmered in exquisite beauty in the moonbeams. Suddenly a hand was placed upon her shoulder. She turned hastily round. It was her husband.

"Geoffrey," she murmured, "what brings you here?"

His face looked pale and ghastly in the moonlight. She trembled. For this man she had, a few weeks before, entertained a contempt. She now feared him.

"Why am I here?" he said, sternly. "I can easily explain that. I was in the shrubbery just now, and heard all your conversation with your lover—nay, do not deny it. I know you have dishonored me, and it would be adding a contemptible lie to your guilt to attempt to deny it."

She answered not. She stood still, however, and they both remained leaning against the slender paling.

"Annie," he said, "I am an old man. No doubt I was wrong to imagine that a young and impassioned girl, such as you are, could love a man of my age. Yet something was due to me for the devotion with which I adored you—the kindness I bestowed on you—the leniency with which I regarded your faults."

He paused. There was still no answer. The devil was now working his way into her mind.

"I know you are guilty," he said; "I know you have dishonored me and your family. Yet, even now, I offer you one more chance. I will leave England at once with you, if you will come with me, and no one shall ever know your fault."

"I will not go," she said.

"Tell me then what to do!" he cried; "for much as you have outraged me, I would die to regain your love."

The answer came quick and determined. It was hissed in his ear as if a serpent had been sounding its rage.

"Die then!"

He was leaning against the paling as she spoke, and was unprepared for such an attack. He uttered a wild cry, and, as he fell, clutched at the bosom of her dress. His hands tore away the silk, and inflicted a long wound between her breasts; but they did not save him. That cry still echoed in the air, when he lay crushed and senseless a hundred feet below. The murderess stood spell-bound. But not for long. She became sensible of a creeping, crawling thing near her, and turning round, she saw a woman kneeling, crouching at her feet.

It was Clementine. Night by night the faithful creature had followed her to shield her from harm, or warn her of her husband's coming, for she had feared a terrible scene when the dread discovery came. This night she had missed her mistress, and had come upon the husband and wife but a moment before he had been hurled into eternity.

"What do you here, Clementine?" asked her mistress, sternly.

The girl did not answer. Her words were only a continuation of her own horrible thoughts.

"Oh, say you did not do it, my lady!" she cried,—"say it was a dream—say that what I saw was a horrible vision! Oh, say, my lady, that you have not killed your husband!"

The crime had been committed. And with this crime had fled from Annie's soul the last savour of innocence. She raised her servant from the ground, and pointed to the sands below.

"Clementine," she said, in a hard, cruel voice, "you have seen to-night what you should not have seen. Either swear by all your hopes of heaven that you will not reveal my secret, or die as he has died!"

She grasped the girl's arms tightly as she spoke, and grasped them with fingers of iron. Clementine trembled. She did not wish to die. She had a lover, young, handsome and good. She had a bright future in store. Why should she cloud it by betraying the secrets of others?"

"I swear, my lady," she cried, that I will not betray you!"

"Let us go home, then," said her mistress, leading her away.

For a time they walked on in silence. After a moment Annie said, "Remember, Clementine, you have made a great mistake to-night. You saw something which has misled you. Major Fortescue fell over the cliff, and your morbid imagination has pictured a murder."

The girl answered not.

"We were quarreling, and he drew hastily back. The palings were slight, and gave way with his weight. Be careful to remember this, as you will be asked many questions. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said the girl, faintly. "I will say all you tell me."

Annie uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Can nothing make you believe me, Clementine?" she said. "What have I done before this night that you should think me guilty of murder?"

The girl shuddered.

"Nothing, my lady—nothing!" she answered; "only I was thinking of myself."

"In what respect?"

"I was thinking that if the Major had been my husband, and if I had loved Mr. Barnley, I should have pushed the Major over the cliffs too."

Annie grasped her arm.

"You persist, then, in thinking me guilty?" she muttered.

"I can't help it, ma'am—I can't help it!" said the girl; "but, believe me, I will never betray you—never!"

This was the story of Rosemary Cottage, told by Clementine Woodward many years after, when the girl was on her death-bed, and Annie and the man she had married had disappeared among the population of a large colony. The cliff-side, where the Major was murdered, was visible from the cottage window, and the spirit of the man so foully wronged was said to haunt its precincts, and even by night to walk the garden. So, as I have said, no one would inhabit it; and, embowered as it was in tangled foliage, it was lost, as it were, except in name. It was to this spot that Bamfylde was brought by his father when he had escaped the vigilance of the authorities at Lithroe Prison. He rightly enough considered it improbable that any one should be able to connect him with the prisoner, for at the prison he had given no name. The Government had never been very eager in their prosecution of him, whom they did not regard as any very formidable antagonist; and, after the first excitement at the news of his escape had passed away, they forgot him altogether, and took no steps towards his capture. Safe, therefore, or comparatively safe from the persecution of the public authorities, Sir Mordaunt Carew never imagined that his son had aught to fear from private spite. Two rooms, therefore, in the back part of the deserted house were fitted up secretly, and preparations were made for the immediate marriage of Bamfylde and Alice. They were to live in strict seclusion until Sir Mordaunt had made all the efforts possible to obtain his pardon; and if these efforts failed, they were to proceed to the Continent. To form such plans was easy; to carry them out was a more difficult matter. A week after Bamfylde's arrival at the Castle, and two day's before the projected marriage, a lady and gentleman, who represented themselves as brother and sister, arrived at Fotherton, the town situated beneath the Carew estate. They expressed themselves highly delighted with the place, explored the locality, and declared publicly their intention of taking the haunted house. These persons—these ghost-hunters—were Constance Le Morneaut and Jasper Hawk.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

Jasper Hawk called upon Sir Mordaunt Carew. The baronet received him with his usual politeness, never dreaming that he was addressing an enemy.

"I and my sister," said Jasper, as he leaned back upon one of the luxurious chairs offered to him by Sir Mordaunt, "I and my sister have but lately arrived in this neighborhood. We had heard before of your universal hospitality."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; that is what emboldened me to call upon you."

The baronet bowed acquiescently.

"This man," he thought, "is the collector for some obscure charity."

Jasper proceeded. Any coldness on the part of a listener had never an effect upon him.

"You have a house to let, Sir Mordaunt?" he said, smilingly.

The baronet started.

"I am on the right scent," at once thought Jasper.

"I have, sir," replied Sir Mordaunt Carew; "is it your wish to take it?"

"It is."

"And why? may I ask."

Jasper tittered amusedly.

"That is a curious question," he said, "a very curious question for a landlord to ask a tenant."

The baronet endeavored to smile.

"It would be," he answered, "under ordinary circumstances; but I have a right to ask a question or two of any person who may propose to become a tenant of Rosemary Cottage."

"Because it has a bad reputation—because, in fact, it is said to be haunted," said the baronet.

Jasper bowed, provokingly.

"Yes, that is just it," said he; "we heard it was haunted; that is the reason we desire to live in it."

"You have peculiar tastes."

"We have."

"And your sister must be a courageous woman—very, indeed!"

"She is."

The baronet paused. The man was imperturbable. What was to be done with him? There seemed, indeed, nothing to be done, except to ask an exorbitant rent. The house was really worth fifty pounds a year. He would ask treble.

"Well, sir," he said; "if you know the story connected with the house, I can have no scruple in letting it to you. You are aware, I presume, what rent it is?"

"No."

"A hundred and fifty pounds a year."

Jasper rubbed his hands.

"Cheap, too, at the money," he said. "I will pay you a quarter's rent in advance."

The baronet gazed at him in perfect horror.

"When do you require possession?" he said.

"At once."

"Then I must decline letting it," returned the baronet. "It requires repairing and setting in order; and I don't feel like troubling my mind about it just at present."

Jasper placed his hand familiarly on the baronet's arm.

"My dear Sir Mordaunt," he said, "you quite mistake me!"

"In what? You want the house, I suppose, do you not?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Then where is the mistake?"

"Bless me! do you not see it? It is as plain as day. My sister and I are of a specially romantic turn of mind, and are travelling, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. When stopping at the inn in the town, yonder, we heard of the strange story which is connected with Rosemary Cottage. My sister at once started the idea of reconnoitering it. We did so. We have, for years, been in search of some spot where we might rest—somewhere where we might indulge our love of picturesque scenery, and, at the same time, not be compelled to wander all over England. I at once accepted her proposal. We visited the spot, admired the situation, and resolved upon becoming its inmates. You seem to have an objection to our becoming its tenants; but as it is 'to let,' and we can give first-class references, there can be no insurmountable objection."

The Baronet at once saw that it would be wrong to hold out any longer. He began to suspect the state of the case. This man must be either a detective officer, or some emissary of a secret enemy.

"You are prepared, you say," he exclaimed, after a moment's thought, "to pay a quarter's rent in advance?"

"Yes."

"And to enter upon the house just as it is, without any repairs or alterations?"

"Yes."

"You are aware it is quite unfurnished; not a vestige of anything remains in it?"

"Very well, sir," returned the Baronet, with a sigh. "I will give you a receipt for your money, and you can enter upon possession at once."

He quitted the room to obtain pen, ink and paper, and Jasper being left alone, had liberty to indulge in a quiet display of his delight. He leaned back in the luxurious arm-chair, stretched out his legs, and talked murmuringly to himself, between lips wreathed into a quiet smile of satisfaction and triumph.

"Jasper Hawke," he said, "you are a man of genius; you have discovered the secret at once. In this so-called haunted house Sir Mordaunt Carew is hiding his son. There we shall find some traces of him. Once let us do that, and I will communicate with the authorities in London and obtain a warrant. Nothing easier."

Sir Mordaunt Carew returned just as the thieves' lawyer was, as it were, finishing his reverie. He saw the smile which still lurked upon the lips of the man of law, and made a note of it.

"Here is the receipt," he said.

Jasper smiled approvingly.

"And here is the money," he replied, counting out upon the table thirty-seven pounds ten shillings. "You cannot think how much I am obliged to you."

"Oh, yes, I fancy I can," said the Baronet, very quietly.

Jasper started and looked up. The voice in which the words were uttered, and the look which accompanied them, disconcerted him somewhat. They were unusual in his professional experience. He rose and took his hat.

"Good morning, Sir Mordaunt," he said. "Your steward will doubtless have the key?"

"No," returned the Baronet,—"no; the key is mislaid."

"Indeed! Then I am sorry I was in so great a hurry to pay my rent in advance," said Jasper.

He spoke with an air of injured dignity. Like a monied man who knows his cash is always good, and may as well remain in his own pocket.

"Don't be sorry, sir," said Sir Mordaunt; "the key shall be in your possession to-morrow morning, if you will leave me your address. Besides, remember what a treasure you have secured—what a store of satisfaction for the future!"

Jasper saw that the Baronet was quietly quizzing him. He therefore said "Good morning" somewhat abruptly, and quitted the Castle, merely saying as he left the hall that he would call for the key himself next day. He had no sooner gone than the Baronet proceeded to a room on the second floor of the Castle, where a group of persons were assembled who are well known to the reader.

These were Wentworth Carew, his daughter Alice, and Bamfylde, "the White Gipsy."

"Who is your visitor, Mordaunt?" asked Wentworth, who had been more amused than anything else by the appearance of Jasper Hawke.

The Baronet told his story.

"I am afraid," he said as he concluded,—"I am afraid he is an emissary of my wife's, or a detective."

"The former, if anything."

"But why should it be so?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, indeed; it can be no interest of hers to find out whether my son is here."

Wentworth eyed him in surprise.

"Have you not yet learned to know and fear a woman's revenge?" he said. "The object of Constance le Marneaut in finding your son is to betray him to justice, and thus take her revenge upon you."

"True," said Sir Mordaunt, "that would be her object; but never mind, Bamfylde, we will defeat her. This evening, Alice becomes your wife, and to-morrow evening I will devise a plan by which you shall escape from England."

Bamfylde smiled, and grasped his father's hand.

"You are indefatigable in my cause, dear father!" he cried.

The Baronet's eyes were wet with tears, as he replied, "How could I be otherwise—what could I do less to recompense you for all the sad, weary days you have spent away from home and friends, the wanderings amid strangers, the heartburnings, the sorrows, the nights and days in prison?"

"We cannot, then, go to the old house?" said Bamfylde.

"No: I must send some of my servants to bring away or destroy all evidences of furniture, and you and Alice must remain here to-night."

At six o'clock in the evening there arrived at the Castle a man of peculiar aspect. He was a short, stout man, and he talked in a strange drawling way, which men of his cloth have happily long discarded, but which then seemed to linger among the clergy as a relic of extreme Puritanism. He bowed to the company in a manner which was meant to be majestic, and accepted the proffered wine with the air of a king. No one in the room noticed him. Each and all were too intent upon the solemn scene. Solemn, indeed, it was.

Marriage is at all times a solemn thing; if it be viewed right; but this was more than ordinarily so. On the one hand was a father who had just rescued a son from an ignominious death; on the other, a father who after thirteen years had been re-united to a daughter; and this daughter and this son were about to become man and wife. Bamfylde, in his plain suit of black and grey, looked handsome and noble. Alice looked supremely beautiful. She had not assumed an attire exactly in accordance with the usual ideas of weddings, but it was one which was admirably adapted to her. It was a silver grey silk, cut low, as was the fashion, and fitting tightly to her figure; so that on the one hand it displayed the full beauty of her ivory bosom, and on the other the supple lightness and elasticity of her form. In the room were Wentworth Carew, Sir Mordaunt, and four servants, who acted as witnesses, and who looked on with no lack of admiration and envy. The pompous parson received the special license from the hands of Sir Mordaunt, with the air of one who confers a favor, and having duly read it, and glanced at the young couple with an approving eye, he began the service. There are few of our readers, we presume, who are not acquainted with the words of the marriage service. Solemn these words are at all times, but how much more solemn than to ordinary persons did they seem to the man who had been snatched from the jaws of death! The man who, instead of mounting the scaffold, was being made the husband of the woman he loved. So the service proceeded, and Bamfylde Moore Carew and Alice Wentworth Carew were man and wife. The two white gipsies were made one.

After the ceremony was concluded, they adjourned to the dining room, where a dinner had been spread. The five sat down, and endeavored to be jovial. Speeches were made, toasts proposed and drank, and every one seemed to try to shake off the weight—the load which oppressed them. But it was useless. No one could cast aside the feeling of concealment. Not one could forget that the ceremony had been performed in the presence of witnesses sworn to secrecy—that while they dined, the doors of the castle were locked and barred, and sentinels placed without, to watch the approach of an enemy—that the room in which they sat was chosen because it was an inner-room, and the light of the lamps could not be seen without. But yet, among those five persons, the most light-hearted were those who had most to fear. Bamfylde and Alice, though remembering truly by what dangers they were surrounded, could not easily cast off the one feeling, the absorbing feeling, that the great wish of their lives was accomplished. To them, danger was now less to be feared, because they could face it together. To them, the world had less attractions, because, with their wealth of mutual love, they needed not the love of others, or the society of any.

Jasper Hawke's schemes were not, as yet, ripe for execution; and from others they had nothing to fear. The bolts and bars which shut out the world from Castle Carew were not therefore needed; and nothing, therefore, happened to disturb the first fleeting hours of happiness which had been accorded to those two loving hearts.

CHAPTER XL.

THE WOODEN HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

In a remote corner of the Carew estate stood a little cottage, inhabited by a fisherman and his family. It stood on the summit of one cliff, overhung by another; so that to a person looking at it from the sands below, it seemed as if perched on the pinnacle of a rock. It was a rude habitation, constructed of old pieces of boat, or rather, of a variety of boats; so that not one wall, or part of a wall, in the whole building was straight, or in any way resembling the other. In fact, it resembled nothing that has been seen anywhere before or since. It was the invention of Simon Shapcott himself, and had been built by that worthy fisherman and some of his comrades, to please a whim of the young lady to whom he was to be married. When Simon had duly popped the question and been accepted, he had complimented his future wife by asking where she would like to live. Maria Francis had peculiar tastes. This was not an extraordinary matter, for most young ladies are affected with peculiarities.

So, instead of choosing a cottage near the tenements occupied by other fishermen, Miss Maria must needs have a cottage built upon the little ledge of cliff, where the land breezes could never approach it. With this strange wish, Simon Shapcott complied; and he and his comrades commenced at once. And, in the end, they fashioned as strange and heterogeneous a building as ever honeymoon was spent in. Erected, as it was, on the top of a rock, and built with timber, it was yet strong and massive. For Simon Shapcott and his friends spared no pains. Neither did they stint themselves in the use of timber; but placed a crossbeam there, and a shore here, and a massive upright there, clamping it together with strong bands of iron, and paying every attention to strength, and none to beauty. And Maria, when it was finished, would have it painted bright green; and when it was finished, she clapped her hands with the glee of a child, and imagined herself nothing less than one of the fairy princesses that she had read of in her "story books." Maria and Simon were married a week after the completion of the wooden house on the cliff. They were very young, Simon being two-and-twenty, and Maria sixteen; but in these grades of life people fortunately marry young, before their hearts have been seared and rendered hard and unfeeling by contact with the world. They were both much beloved and respected by their neighbors; and when, on the afternoon of their wedding day, they retired to their bower, they found many presents awaiting their arrival. Among others, a letter from Sir Mordaunt Carew, stating that although the land on which the cottage was built belonged to him, as being the boundary of his estate, he would charge Simon no rent, but present him with the ground, for him and his heirs forever. The

later also enclosed a ten-pound Bank of England note, which was to defray the expenses of building. At the time of the marriage of Bamfylde and Alice, Simon Shapcott and Maria had been married ten years, and had four children. During those ten years they had never had an angry word. And often and often had Simon occasion to bless the whim which had induced Maria to ask him to build the cottage on the summit of the cliff. Many a time had the bright light in her window been a beacon to him at sea, when all else was enveloped in darkness. Every night, when he went out to walk the lonely deep, his wife placed in her window a light with a bright reflector. This improvised light house could be distinguished miles away at sea, and had more than once saved Simon and his companions from a watery grave. It has been necessary to explain the position of these people, and to mention the obligations they were under to Sir Mordaunt Carew, in order to acquaint him of any selfishness in the plan he proposed to himself. On the evening after the marriage of Bamfylde and Alice, when a happy party were assembled in the drawing room, and a loud and peremptory knock was heard at the door. Sir Mordaunt turned pale. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TURF.

THE ST. MAURICE TURF CLUB RACES.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THREE RIVERS, Ca., July 26th, 1864.

DEAR CLIPPER—With a wandering spirit predominant and the programme of the Three Rivers races staring me in the face, I thought I would be off there to witness the sport and send you an account of it. We stopped at Niagara two days, thence to Lewistown, across the lake, to Toronto, and from there to Montreal, where our party speedily found themselves comfortably quartered in the "St. Lawrence Hall," kept by that prince of sporting good fellows, Colonel Henry Hogan, who knows how to keep a hotel to perfection. Next day we were off by the Montreal steamer to Three Rivers, where we stopped at the Farmer's Hotel, and in the evening my ears were saluted by the well known voice of that equally well known man, Dr. Robert Underwood, of Kentucky, who, in accordance with his usual custom, had just sold "first choice," and was asking the purchaser "What 'ill 'ave?" For the Queen's plate the pools sold were numerous, the average prices brought being as follows:—Zanoni, $33; Emma Dale, 330; Young Trenton, $10; Amberwitch, $10; Mazeppa, $8; Santerelle, $9. Total, $100.

FIRST DAY.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE, of 50 guineas, the gift of her Majesty, for all horses bred in Lower Canada, mile heats, two in three.

R. B. Forbes' blk m Emma Dale, aged	1	1
F. Driscoll's b h Zanoni, 5 yrs	3	2
F. Owen's ch h Amberwitch, aged	2 dist.	
A. W. Alloway's b m Santerelle, 5 yrs	4 dist.	
G. McGregor's b h Mazeppa, aged	5 dist.	
J. Rickaby's ch m Young Trenton, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time—1:58½; 2:00

SAME DAY—The City Plate, $200, open to all, mile heats, best two in three.

M. de Niverville's ch h Reporter	1	1
H. Hogan's ch h Zigzag	2	2

Time—1:52; 1:52¼.

Reporter, the winner of this race, was until recently owned in your city by Mr. Francis Morris, who sold him for $1000 in gold to Mr. De Niverville immediately after he defeated Idlewild at the Centreville races last month. The pool betting showed Reporter to be the favorite, bringing $65 to Zigzag's $25. Both heats were well contested.

SAME DAY.—Purse $150, one mile dash—open to all horses *bona fide* the property of a resident in Canada.

B. De Niverville's Marseillaise, 3 yrs	1
Capt. Farwell's Nannie Cradock, 6 yrs	2
G. McGregor's The Jewess, aged	3
H. Hogan's Thunder, 4 yrs	4

Time—1:53¾.

In the pools Thunder brought $60; Nannie Cradock $30; Marseillaise $10; Jewess $5; total $105. Jewess went off with the lead followed by Nannie Cradock, and Thunder third well up. Just as they reached the quarter pole, Thunder baulked, and refused to make any further effort. Marseillaise who had laid fourth now made her effort and passing the Jewess, challenged Nannie Cradock, and won one of the most exciting races ever witnessed in Lower Canada by a head; time 1:53¾.

SECOND DAY.

HURDLE RACE.—Purse $200, two miles over eight hurdles 3ft. 6in. high. Welter weights.

C. Elliott's ch. g. Garryowen by Wagner, aged	Capt. Fox	1
T. McCready's ch. h. Wild Irishman by Peter Pindar	G. Pepper	2
H. Hogan's b c. Zigzag by Ruric, 4 yrs	D. Reddy	3
W. H. Strong's ch. c. Garibaldi by Vincent Notte, 4 yrs	Owner	0
G. McGregor's g. m. Jewess by Bob Logic, aged	T. Lee	0

Time—2:22; 2:18; 4:40.

In the betting, Zigzag brought $41; Wild Irishman, $31; Garryowen, $15: Garibaldi, $10; Jewess, $3—total $100. Wild Irishman, who had the inside, led after a good start. He and Garibaldi took the first hurdle together, and made the pace good. Dennis Reddy on Zigzag came to grief at the second hurdle, the colt stumbling and nearly throwing Reddy. The first mile was run in 2:22, Wild Irishman leading, Garryowen next, Zigzag third, and the others a long way behind. A good race between the two first ensued, both taking the last hurdle nearly together, when Capt. Fox took the lead, and won a splendid race by a length and a half; Zigzag eight lengths behind. Jewess fell after clearing the second hurdle, throwing her rider on his head and knocking him senseless; at last accounts he was thought to be doing well, although senseless. Garibaldi fell at the third hurdle, turning a complete somerset and throwing Mr. Strong, his rider, on his forehead. He was picked up senseless and carried into the town. He has since recovered, but feels very sore.

SHAWENEGAN PLATE of $250, for all horses; mile heats, 3 in 5.

B. de Neverville's br m Seven Oaks, by Vandal, 5 yrs	1	1	1
W. H. Strong's ch h Punch, by Mahomet, 5 yrs	2	2	2
F. Baker's b m Annie, by Mahomet, 4 yrs	3	3	3
H. Hogan's br m Verge, by Vandal, aged	4	4	4

Time, 1:53; 1:51¼; 1:51¼.

The winner, Seven Oaks, was with Reporter bought at the Centreville Meeting by Mr. de Neverville of Col. Philo C. Bush, and has already, like that horse, nearly paid for herself, for it will be noted that all the purses are paid in gold. She won the three heats very cleverly. In the pool sales she brought $110; Verge, $105; Punch, $75; Annie, $20; total, $310. After the first heat Punch was backed heavily, and after the second heat was a favorite over Seven Oaks, as it was thought she would quit, but in this they were disappointed.

THIRD DAY.

THE ST. MAURICE PLATE of $400; two mile heats, best 2 in 3.

B. de Neverville's ch h Reporter, by Lexington, 6 yrs	1	1
Capt. Farwell's ch m Nannie Craddock, by Vandal, 6 yrs	2	2
W. H. Strong's ch h Punch, by Mahomet, 5 yrs	3	3
H. Hogan's b m Verge, by Vandal, aged	4	4

Time, 3:52¾; 3:59¼.

Pool betting—Reporter, $70, Punch, $10, Nannie Craddock, $6, Verge, $5, total $91. A bad start ensued, but in consequence of the high wind the riders could not hear the recall bell, and the starter declared it a start. Reporter came in first, but owing to the dissatisfaction caused by the bad start, his owner waived his claim to the heat and they ran it over. Reporter again won by a length, beating Nannie Craddock, second, Punch, third, and Verge, nearly distanced. The second heat was also won by Reporter, the others occupying the same positions.

MERCHANT'S PLATE and $200, mile heats, 2 in 3.

B. Moerville's ch m Marseillaise	walked over
H. Hogan's ch f Miss Shanley	withdrawn

LUMBER MERCHANT'S PURSE $100, mile heats.

F. Driscoll's br h Billy O'Rourke	1	1
T. McCready's ch c Wild Irishman	2	dis
H. Hogan's ch f Miss Shanley	3	dis
R. M. Hart's ch m Fairy Foot	4	dis

Time, 2:02; 1:57¾.

Pool betting—Wild Irishman, $19, Billy O'Rourke, $27, Miss Shanley, $13, Fairy Foot, $10, total, $70. The Quebec men stuck to Billy O'Rourke and the Montrealers to Wild Irishman. The former won very easily.

BEATEN PLATE of $50, mile and a quarter dash, handicap.

W. H. Strong's ch h Punch, 110 lbs	1
Mr. Dacus' Annie, 100 lbs	2
H. Hogan's Zigzag, 109 lbs	3

Time, 2:21¾.

There was no particular favorite, each being fancied by their respective admirers. Dr. Underwood and J. Meerts were the handicappers, and their good judgment in apportioning the weights was shown in the result, as it proved the best race of the meeting. A sheet would have covered the entire lot the whole way, and the race was won at the finish by a head only. This was the last race of the meeting, but Mr. de Neverville, the owner of Reporter and Seven Oaks, and who is also the Mayor of Three Rivers, to oblige many farmers who wanted to see them run together, agreed to match them for half a mile. Seven Oaks ran fairly away from Reporter, and won easily by three lengths in 53 secs. Thus terminated the most successful meeting ever held in Canada. Adieu till we meet at Saratoga. Yours truly,

BLAIR ATHOL.

HORSE AND CARRIAGE REPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.

Last week, in accordance with an invitation from the proprietors, Messrs. H. J. Jordan & Co., we visited the new Horse and Carriage Auction Mart which this firm have just opened at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street. This establishment is intended to answer the same object as is effected in London by Aldridge's celebrated repository, in Liverpool by Lucas's, and in Dublin by Dyce's, viz.: the sale by public auction on certain days of the week of horses, carriages or harness, and thus bringing together on one spot, buyers and sellers. The building is admirably adapted for the purpose, having at present complete accommodation for seventy horses and fifty carriages, with appropriate saddle and harness rooms. There is also an extensive covered ride for exhibiting the horses previous to the sales, thus giving a buyer the opportunity of judging of the merits of his purchase, and the sellers of seeing full justice done to the property they entrust for sale. No horses will be admitted for private sale on commission, and all dealing or jobbing on the part of any one connected with the establishment is strictly prohibited, thus making all transactions of a *bona fide* character. Grooms will be in attendance at the railroad and steamboat landings in the city to receive horses sent for sale, so that all trouble and danger of transit in the city is avoided. This establishment supplies a want long felt in New York, and we hope it will meet with patronage.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.—A match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on this course on Wednesday, the 27th ult., of which the following is a summary:

WEDNESDAY, July 27.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

T. Carpenter entered b g Stonewall Jackson	1	1	1
D. Mace entered ch m Belle of Hartford	2	2	2

TIME.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	0:39¼	1:16¾	2:32¼
Second heat	0:38¼	1:14	2:31
Third heat	0:38	1:13¾	2:29

TROTTING IN MASSACHUSETTS—RIVERSIDE RIDING PARK (Longwood), Friday, July 29th. Match for $500, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

P. W. Jones & Co. named b m Empress	1	1	1
W. A. Fagan named b m Tib Woodward	2	2	2

Time—2:36; 2:37; 2:39.

PIGEON SHOOT.—The trial at Syracuse on the 28th ult., between Mahew and Kipp, at pigeon shooting, resulted in the success of the former, who killed 45 birds—the latter, 43. Mayhew lost his third, twelfth, twenty-first, twenty-ninth and forty-sixth birds. Kipp lost his third, fourth, tenth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth, forty-third, forty-ninth and fiftieth. At the forty-eighth bird the shots were tied. Mahew took the last two birds and Kipp lost both.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

MEERSCHAUM, Philadelphia.—"McC bets B $130 to $65 on a certain race (2 to 1) all the money put up in the hands of a stakeholder. McC meets B and offers him $35 for his bet, but then declines buying the bet, saying that he is betting odds of $100 to $95, inasmuch as if he loses the bet he will lose the $65 B puts up and the $35 he paid for the bet, while he can win but $95. B contends that he is really betting $65 to $130; that the bet is a thing done and concluded; that the $35 with which McC bought the bet is a bonus or premium to take his place; and has in reality nothing to do with the bet. The editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, by giving this bet a careful consideration and decision, will confer a favor on an old correspondent. Is McC betting odds?".....Both McC and B are wrong; the former in asserting that he is betting $100 to $95, and that if he wins, he can only win $95; the latter in stating that B is really betting $65 to $100. McC is really betting $100 against B's $130, if he wins he receives $130; if he loses, his loss is only $100. When McC bought B's bet at a bonus of $35, McC then virtually staked $100 against $130; although McC if he wins only receives the $65 against which he originally bet $130.

ZOOLOGY.—1. The original Van Amburgh is not dead, but is now travelling with his menagerie in Maine. 2. No other person by the name of Van Amburgh has ever been known in the menagerie business. 3. Mr. Van Amburgh has been in Europe several times. He played at Drury Lane Theatre, London, and travelled his menagerie through the principal towns of Great Britain. 4. He *has* been killed numerous times—in the newspapers, but he "still lives" notwithstanding. 5. He must be nearly or quite 65 years old, though he would not, very likely, acknowledge to be over 45 or 50, and would readily pass for the latter age.

STALEYBRIDGE, Fort Carrol, Washington.—1. There are no "Fistianas" in the market. 2. Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan fought on the 26th of January, 1841, at New Park Farm, Oxfordshire, for £500 a side, and it lasted 79 minutes, wherein 47 rounds were fought—Broome proving the victor. 3. The last fight between Jemmy Welsh and Jemmy Massey was for £100 a side, and lasted 82 min. and 56r.; it took place at Long Reach, July 28, 1851, and was won as before by Massey.

A FRIEND.—1. The lady is not married. 2. The duties of a call boy are to take his "posish" near the prompter during the performance of a piece, and just before an actor or actress is wanted to go on the stage, he goes either to the green room or to their dressing-room door and calls their name. If he is smart enough he occasionally takes the prompt book. It would be a difficult thing for one who has never been behind the scenes to get such a situation.

READER OF THE CLIPPER, Toms River, N. J.—In playing billiards, if the marker neglects to score a count for either of the contestants, the error may be rectified at any stage of the game. As a matter of course there must be sufficient evidence to prove indubitably that such an omission had occurred before the rectification is allowed. To allow the neglect of the marker, whose business it is to attend to the interests of each player, to militate against said interest of either player, would not be just.

O. K., Cincinnati, O.—In an answer to E. C. D, Chicago, in our last, we stated that we had no knowledge that Miss Spalding was married. Our Cincinnati correspondent says she was married last winter or spring to Mr. Wm. P. Spaulding, harpist and versatile performer, of Arlington, Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, Chicago. All of which, our correspondent informs us, is O. K.

J. G. H., Battery F., 18th Army Corps.—1. It was Johnny Walker and Billy Dwyer who fought on the 6th of October, 1863, and not Daily and Walker. 2. Tom Daily and Billy McGrath fought at Washoe, N. T., on the 22d of September, 1863, 14r., 20m., $1000. 3. McGrath is at present in this city. 4. There was no challenge issued by either party afterwards.

D. F. M.—Mace did not challenge either Heenan or Sayers after their fight; it was Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, who claimed the Championship, and on Paddock disputing his claim, he fought and defeated him, Nov. 5, 1860, in 5r. 9m. 30s. Mace fought Hurst for the Championship and defeated him, June 18, 1861, in 8r. 50m.

R. C., Flushing.—1. Grease the boat with tallow, then rub off with flannel, and afterwards the pot lead with soap and water. 2. For rules of rowing, get Putnam's Rower's Manual—we can forward a copy for $1. 3. The lapstreake is not entitled to 40 seconds or one second start.

RAILROAD, Philadelphia.—1. Ten miles in seven and a half minutes on the Pennsylvania Railroad. 2. The Western railroads are regarded as faster than those of New York. 3. As a general rule, the railroads of this country are faster than those on the Continent of Europe.

ED. L., New York.—"I am playing a game of Euchre; it is my deal and I deal my opponent three aces first, and myself three flush. I bet him that my first three cards beat his first three cards in Poker. Which wins?".....You lose, as three flush does not constitute a hand in Poker.

PADDY MILLS, Philadelphia.—The disease evidently proceeds from worms in the intestines. Give cowhage half a drachm; tin filings, very fine, 4 drachms; make into 4 or 6 balls, according to the size of the dog. Give one daily, and a few hours afterwards a dose of salts or aloes.

WAUKEGAN.—"A, B, and C are playing straight Poker. A deals, B passes; C not having looked at his hand wishes to go a blind, B objects. Has C a right to go blind after B passes without the consent of A or B; or either? Please decide".....C cannot go a blind after B has looked at his hand.

LOVER OF GUNNING, Frankfort, Pa.—Inquire of any sportsman in your neighborhood and he will give you the required information. The game laws differ in various States, and we cannot conveniently refer to the Pennsylvania statutes to tell you when the different kinds of game are in season.

BUCK, Columbus, O.—"A, B, C and D are playing a four handed game of Euchre; A and C, and B and D are partners. A deals, and all pass up to him; A turns down and B makes the trump, diamonds. A says I will play it alone, I bet he has no right to do so".....You are right. A cannot play it alone on B's make.

D. G. B., Boston.—In regard to an answer in a previous issue, we are requested to state that Julia Gould was never married to either of the Buckley's, but is the widow of John H. Collins, who died in Havana in 1860. Collins, if we mistake not, once belonged to the Buckley troupe.

J. S. M. AND JOHN.—"Which is the proper expression, 'I have drank,' or 'I have drunk?'".....Old Lindley Murray would have approved of the latter; but modern usage, says Webster, has adopted the former.

JAMES MCB., Rochester, N. Y.—They have got you down as O'Brien in "Fistiana"—hence our mistake. Your $8.50 received, pictures forwarded, etc. See our ring department. There are no "Fistianas" in the city for sale.

A WOULD-BE RACER, Trenton.—1. The time is good for a novice. 2. Twelve seconds is very good for a spin of 100 yards; 13 and 14 would be good for one not trained for it. 3. The distance has been made by one or two of the best runners in nine seconds.

B., Brooklyn.—1. That is not the lady's right name. 2. She was born in St. Louis, and is of German parents. 3. She is not married. 4. Was at the Melodeon in this city with George Lea as a dancer, also at Broadway Music Hall with Mr. Butler.

C. A.—The saloon keeper was not justified in retaining the bill, although the purchaser should have given the proper change at the time of purchase, or informed the proprietor that he had no small bill.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, Georgia.—1. We have not been informed of the time made by Murch and Tom Smith in their late foot race. 2. When Tom Hyer fought Yankee Sullivan he stood 6 feet 1 inch, and weighed about 182 lbs.

CRITIC.—Written on Thursday or Friday, they should reach us in time for next week's issue. Your last did not reach us until the 27th.

PRIMA FACIE.—1. There can't be much the matter with you, and we should say if you can do all that, you're a healthy boy. 2. Address Fowler & Wells, Broadway.

H. C. T., 5th Corps.—We do not know, except by report, that the journalist referred to has been so treated eleven times, and therefore we cannot undertake to decide the wager.

SIGMA, Albany, N. Y.—In the act of pitching, at base ball, the front foot must be flat on the ground, and the toe, or a part of the hind foot.

J. H. R., Steubenville.—The price of a book of flies, with every thing complete, varies from $12 to $20. Address Pritchard Bros., 94 Fulton street, New York.

J. B., Fort Monroe.—Flatbush Maid and Lady Palmer's best time together to a wagon was 5 min. 01¼ secs; first mile 2 min. 36 secs.

CHAUNCY, Hartford.—We are not posted in the process, but, if we mistake not, Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, publish a book which gives the information.

F. V. A. S., Memphis, Tenn.—Add a little carbonate of soda to the cider while you draw it off. Some recommend putting numerous pieces of white marble into the cask to neutralise the acid.

AUTHOR, Baltimore.—1. The play of "Rosina Meadows" was written by Wm. B. English. 2. The price of such a piece is about $300. 3. Your advertisement comes to $1 each insertion.

E. A. S., Louisville.—1. Morensi is in this city laying off for the coming season. 2. Mr. George Wood, the Western manager, is the present lessee of the Broadway Theatre in this city.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—1. The story of the "White Gipsy" commenced with No. 1 of the present vol. April 16, 1864. 2. Cannot furnish you with the back numbers.

LITTLE MAC, Philadelphia.—1. We know nothing about Mead. 2. Sport is in this vicinity, we understand. 3. You will serve your purpose best by not noticing the concern.

H. W. PRENTICE, Meadville, Pa.—1. The New Bowery, New York, is the largest theatre in this country. 2. The same theatre has the largest stage.

HARRY HOWARD, Montreal.—The letter we advertised was not for you, but for Harry Howard, Treasurer for Thayer & Noyes' Circus.

F., Norfolk.—We have no record of the fastest folding in this city, but we have some awful fast boys on doubling up papers.

SHOULDERS.—Boat pulling, club swinging, using dumb-bells, and all kinds of gymnastics tend to make the shoulders broad.

JOE, Great Barrington.—We look upon it as a catch bet, and the money had better be drawn.

ALBUM.—You can purchase a few only at Fredericks', on Broadway.

J. HENEAGE CARTER.—Sent package of letters to Oswego on the 1st inst.

WM. HAMILTON, Nashville.—You will learn the whereabouts of Claude Hamilton in our dramatic summary.

E. V., Shirley Village, Mass.—Your three months advertisement expires with this issue.

OLD READER, Lancaster, Ohio.—The first Sanitary Fair was held in Chicago.

J. M.—1. The lady is a niece to Lewis Baker. 2. She was born in Philadelphia in 1837.

PATRON, Freeport, Ill.—From $5 upwards. Write to W. Wilson, 136 Bowery, N. Y.

K. A. Q.—The lady was married nearly three years ago in Baltimore.

DANSEUSE, Boston.—M'lle. Fanny Elsler contributed the sum of $569,50 to the Bunker Hill Monument in October, 1840.

W. M.—Fistiana contains the best treatise on training.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—See reply to "Meerschaum."

J. W., West Meriden, Ct.—A was right; he only lost his deal.

CHARLES, Boston.—Mr. F. A. Gossin is at present in Philadelphia.

D. O. N.—Not received regularly.

HARRY REILLEY, Hdqrs. 1st Div.—Send us your full directions.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

Price of the Clipper to be Ten Cents.

WHEN business was good, and the price of paper without any great fluctuation, we concluded to share our profits with the patrons of the CLIPPER, and to this end we enlarged our paper, and made her improvements, without raising the price, or without the slightest intention of so doing. We voluntarily took upon ourselves an extra weekly expense of upwards of $300, so that our readers should have a much larger and better paper than we had previously been giving them; we meant to continue as we had begun, but almost immediately after the commencement of our enlarged form, paper and everything necessary in the publication of a newspaper began to increase in price; if we could foresee any limit to the continued advance in paper, we should be able to trim our sails accordingly, and go on at the present rates, being perfectly willing to submit to a loss if we could see where it would end; but paper has gone up so regularly, and so steadily, until it is now double what it was three or four months ago, and other expenses have likewise so greatly increased, that we find it necessary to state these facts to our patrons, and to announce that with this issue, commencing with date of August 6th, THE RETAIL PRICE OF THE CLIPPER WILL BE TEN CENTS PER COPY, until such time as business once more resumes its legitimate channels, and the speculators are shorn of their strength.

We are as lothe to come before our readers with this announcement as they are to see it, but we are compelled to do so by the force of circumstances. We shall regret to lose any of our readers by this increase in price, and trust we shall not, for we have kept company together very pleasantly for several years. All the papers are increasing their terms, and those that have not done so already will be compelled to ere long.

To Subscribers.

The following are the present rates of subscription to the NEW YORK CLIPPER:—

Single Copy	10 cts.	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" " 3 "	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription.

Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,

22 Spruce street, New York.

PUGILISTICO.

The Anglo-Irish-American Match.

THE MATCH between Joe Coburn, Irish-American representative, and Jem Mace, the very clever Champion of the British Prize Ring, continues to make good progress, with the money deposits always on hand at the prescribed time. Coburn, we hear, is making hosts of friends in Ireland; in fact, he is coming into favor with such a rush that Mace finds it necessary to proclaim that some of his ancestors are of Irish birth; he also announces that he has a "celebrated Irish second" showing with him at his exhibitions. It is a little singular that Jem never ventilated this Irish ancestry business before. It shows which way the wind blows.

We notice that Nat Langham has taken an interest in Coburn, and has stood something in the stake. Nat is a good judge of pugilistic matters, and generally "knows whereof he speaks," but much as we admire Nat, we hope that Cusick and Dunn will be the sole attendants on Coburn during his training preparations; Cusick is a man of shrewd business tact, and one on whom we can rely for watchfulness over the movements of his charge, and the ability to carry him through successfully. For this reason, we hope there will be no outsiders permitted to worm themselves into the confidence of the Irish-American party; not even John C. Heenan should be admitted into their councils, for John seems to have been mixed up with a bad lot over there. Moreover, it is not to Heenan's interest that Coburn should win; on the contrary, it would prove greatly to his disadvantage. For why? Because if Joe Coburn should defeat the Champion of England, or one of England's best men—which Heenan has failed to do in his contests—it would bring down Heenan's stock, and place him in a worse position than he ever occupied before. Let the Coburn party, therefore, be on their guard against Heenan and his lot; let them work this thing through on their own line, among themselves, never losing sight of their man, and never permitting outsiders to mix with them, except for purposes really necessary for Coburn's interests. We have lost two matches in England by some underhanded means, and now that a third match is appointed, to take place on "neutral ground," it is hoped that Cusick and Dunn will not let it slip up through any want of caution on their part. In Ireland, we presume there will be no interference by the crowd at the ringside. Coburn is an Irishman, and relies upon his Irish friends to see that he has fair play, which is all he asks at their hands; and we mistake the Irish character if they do not guarantee him a fair fight, and no breaking in the ring by the Richardson or any other crowd. For once, let an international contest be decided on the merits of the men, and not by crowds, or "doses," or anything of that sort. We hear good accounts about Coburn; he is said to be astonishing the pugs with his displays of manual science; and the odds do not promise to hold out so big on Mace as it was thought they would do when the match was first made. All's well, so far, and the British champion may yet come to grief at the hands of an Irish-American. Who knows?

SARATOGA RACES.—The first meeting of the Saratoga Racing Association commences on Tuesday, August 2d, and will continue throughout the week, the last day being devoted to hurdle-racing, a feature new to the American turf. This meeting is held under the auspices and immediate direction of many influential citizens of New York State; and the patronage which the races met with last year from the gay and fashionable visitors to Saratoga, will doubtless be continued this season. The stakes run for each day, are liberal, and the horses that will probably run for them comprise the flower of American thoroughbreds.

HOAGLAND'S GREY MESSENGER.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome photograph of the celebrated trotting stallion Grey Messenger, formerly owned by Mr. Simeon Hoagland, of East New York, and in whose possession he died some four years ago. Grey Messenger was sired by Morgan, and his dam, a Messenger mare, thus combining the best strains of trotting blood in the country. His great trotting with William Tell on the Union Course, L. I., in 1857, wagon and driver weighing 300 lbs., will not readily be forgotten by those who saw it. His death from inflammation was a great loss alike to his owner and the breeders of trotting stock on Long Island, as his stock gave promise of extraordinary excellence and quality. The likeness of the old horse is a strikingly faithful one, and is executed in the highest style of photographic art by Mr. J. Clark, Union Gallery, 643 Broadway.

COCKING IN CANADA.—On the 7th of July a main of twenty-two cocks was fought at London, C. W., between Hamilton and London, $10 a battle, won by the Hamiltonians with five birds to spare, one rooster having fought four times without being killed.

FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE.

Match between Pittsburgh and Poughkeepsie Crews.

THE TWILIGHT VERSUS STRANGER.

Immediately on the receipt of the CLIPPER, last week, by the Stranger crew, they called upon us, signed the articles submitted by the Pittsburgh crew, without erasure or alteration whatever, and placed in our hands the sum of $700. So the match is on, and it will be a very important one, in our opinion. We republish the articles of agreement, as signed by both crews:

The crew of the four-oared boat Twilight, of Pittsburgh, named below, will row the crew of the four-oared boat Stranger, of Poughkeepsie—Messrs. Stevens, Wooden, Burgher, and ——, —a five mile race over the usual course at Poughkeepsie, at 4 o'clock P. M., on the 18th day of August next, for a purse of $1,000 a side, subject to the following conditions:—

1st. Each boat to deposit a forfeit in the hands of the editor of the CLIPPER—who is hereby agreed upon as stakeholder—of $500, upon signing articles, the remaining $500 to be deposited three days before the race, the Stranger crew to pay the crew of the Twilight two hundred dollars ($200) for expenses, which is to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder with the first deposit.

2d. Each boat to turn its own buoy, which are to be placed fifty yards apart, the choice of position and the direction of turning the buoys to be decided by lot.

3d. Each crew shall select two judges, they to select an umpire, whose decision shall be final.

4th. Either boat fouling, or attempting to take unfair advantage of the other, shall be distanced.

5th. It is to be *especially understood*, that if the 18th—the day chosen for the race—should be windy, then the race to be postponed from day to day until the first calm day after.

6th. These articles to be signed by the crew of the Stranger on or before the 28th of July, or otherwise be of no effect.

Crew of the Twilight:—
JOE BASH,
W. CAMPBELL,
JACOB MENGES,
A. W. WHITE.

Crew of the Stranger:—
WM. STEVENS,
HOMER WOODEN,
WM. BURGER,
E. BENEWAY.

IN "DIFFICULTY."—We fear that our "mercurial" neighbor is in trouble again. He wishes to increase the price of his "unreliable sheet," but he don't know how to go about it; he knows that those who take his sensation paper already pay for it more than it is worth, and he hesitates to risk another advance, for fear he should lose even the corporal's guard who now take it. He has been "feeling" the situation for two or three weeks, whining about the high price of paper and printing materials, and all that sort of thing, but he don't care to make another leap in the dark after the debilitating effects of his last effort. We advise him to stick where he is—the "mercurial" stuff is high enough already.

USEFUL BOOKS.—Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street, New York, have just added two more books to their already large list of useful publications. One is called "The Finger Post to Public Business," and gives instructions for forming and conducting societies, clubs, and various associations, together with rules for games and recreations. In fact, it is full of matter that cannot fail to prove interesting and instructive. The other work is "Brisbane's Ready Reckoner," which is just what is needed at the present time, when everybody is making so much money that no leisure moment can be found to count it. The "Ready Reckoner" will save our money-making friends much time and trouble; it's a good thing, and cheap.

A TURF PATRON TURNED BENEDICT.—We learn that Mr. Henry Genet, our respected county clerk, and one of the warmest and most liberal patrons of the trotting turf, has recently perpetrated matrimony, having become united to Miss Marianne Lynch, of Harlem, in a double team match for life, on the 28th ult. Mr. Genet is one of the most popular men on the turf, an excellent judge of horses, and the owner of several first-class trotters, among them Gen. Butler, Lady Suffolk, and others. Every lover of the turf will unite with us in the usual congratulations on such an event, and a hearty wish for their life-long happiness.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT FILLINGHAM.—We have received a beautifully executed photograph from life of Mr. Simmons' celebrated stallion, Robert Fillingham, the now acknowledged "King of the Trotting Turf," since the demise of George N. Patchen. It is an admirable likeness of the handsome brown stallion, and his peculiar points are well preserved in the counterfeit presentment. It is finished in Indian ink, and published by the American News Company, No. 121 Nassau street, at $3 each. Mr. James Spillett, Jamaica, is the agent for the sale of the picture on Long Island.

PIERCE EGAN'S books are among the most popular in the market; there is something so taking in his style, that when once we commence a book written by him, we don't care about putting it down in a hurry. One of his latest, "Imogene, or the Marble Heart," comes to us fresh from the press of Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann street. We have not yet had time to read it. It is a work of nearly 400 pages, and may be bought for one dollar.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—We have received $200, being the full amount of stake money pending the result of the pedestrian feat to be undertaken by Mr. Turner, in Brooklyn, next week. The pedestrian is to walk one hundred miles in one hundred consecutive hours, and will commence his work on the 8th inst., at Mr. Jos. Fletcher's East Brooklyn Shades, Myrtle avenue, between Walworth and Spencer streets. The feat should be finished on Friday, 12th inst.

TROTTING AT ROCHESTER.—Quite an exciting trot came off at the Union Race Course, Rochester, on the 29th ult., between three five mile horses, including the famous Lyons mare, "Sally Come Up," an animal which the Lyonese backed very freely. She did not succeed in winning their money for them, however, as "Sally" failed to "Come up" to their expectations. The track was in excellent condition, and the attendance pretty fair. The other entries were by Messrs. Seymour and Upton. The Seymour mare took the lead from the first, and kept it throughout, winning the race in fourteen minutes and forty-five seconds. During the first four miles "Sally" maintained the second place, the Upton mare following closely, but on the last mile the gray made a gallant push, and succeeded in passing her Lyons rival. "Sally" struggled hard to recover the lost ground, but in vain, and the second prize was awarded to the gray. The following is the summary:—

Five mile race, to harness.

O. C. Seymour enters b m Victoria	1
B. Upton enters g m Kate Johnson	2
J. P. Bennet enters ch m Sally Come Up	3

Time—14:45; 14:50; 14:54.

THE RING.

THE TURNER-GEOGHEGHAN-KERRIGAN CHALLENGE.—All last week our office was literally besieged by the *corps pugilistique* and their friends, and considering the roasting weather, the amount of fight talk indulged in was enormous. In the Turner and Geoghegan affair there is a hitch, and the match may be considered off. When Owney published his card, he named a time and place to meet, and was there on deck, but a subsequent card from Turner's backer, with $500 inclosed, made no mention as to where they should meet. To save a lot of newspaper talk, we got Owney's own "declaration of intentions," which appeared to us about as fair for one as the other, and wrote on to Boston, notifying Turner's friends as to what course Owney intended to pursue. This elicited a reply to the effect that they didn't believe any arrangement could be made to suit both parties, and we were authorized to declare the match "squashed." As Jennings made up his mind not to draw that $500, if it lay all summer, he wishes to inform Jim Kerrigan that Turner is willing for him to cover the $500 now in our hands, to fight in eight weeks from August 2d, on the 27th of September, at 130 lbs., for $1000 a side, and to weigh on the day of fighting. The fight to take place either in New Hampshire, Vermont or Canada. When the money is covered, by Kerrigan's sending articles to Harry Jennings, the match can be made immediately.

BILL BLACKWOOD IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—It will be recollected some nine years ago that a man named Bill Blackwood was matched to fight Johnny Mackey, on the 22d of May, 1855, and that they met to fight, but it never came off, and eventually ended in a draw. Blackwood stock was very much below par about that time, and the next we heard of him he was in California. By our latest exchanges from the land of "gould" we perceive that Patsy Foy, of Gold Hill, N. T., has challenged Bill Blackwood for $300 or $500 a side, and a forfeit has been put up in the hands of Tom Kelly, of Virginia City.

BEFRIENDING THE STRANGER.—A person writing from Albion, N. Y., who was recently on a visit to this city, says that it is so rare to meet with a good, square man in the underground dives on Broadway, the majority having little or no sympathy with countrymen except for their money, that he wishes through our columns to give credit for a manly and honorable act performed to a stranger by one on whom the writer had no claim outside that of common humanity. The person alluded to was Charley Grovesteen, of Champion Music Hall. When in this city curiosity led our Albionic friend to enter this saloon, and while there Big Charley performed an act of kindness (the nature of which doesn't transpire) that he will never forget. We give credit to this story from the fact that we know Charley to be as good a hearted man as there is in that business.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE IN THE FIRST WARD.—Maurice Connel and Tom Enwright, two muscular celebrities of the First Ward, had a desperate rough and tumble fight at Long Henry's in Greenwich street one day last week, which lasted fifteen minutes and ended in a draw. They made a bet of $500 a piece on the result, which was to have been placed in Dan Hogan's hands, but friend Dan politely refused. Enwright had a great reputation in California as a hard nut to crack, but Connell hasn't fingered in a "muss" for three or four years

cally, compared with the Harvard Sophomores, but the University crew were fine built fellows, yet did not seem to show their training as the Harvards did; they were not "down so fine" as the latter.

The following are the names, position, etc., of the respective crews, and dimensions of the boats entered for the College Regatta, which took place on the 29th:—

YALE—SOPHOMORE.	HARVARD—SOPHOMORE.
1..Chas. Rosevelt, stroke.	1..F. Crowninghields, stroke.
2..A. B. Herrick.	2..E. T. Wilkinson.
3..Isaak Pierson.	3..Wm. Blaikie.
4..L. B. Buckley.	4..S. A. B. Abbott.
5..C. F. Bacon.	5..E. H. Clark.
6..C. F. Brown.	6..C. H. McBurney.
Length, 42 feet; width, 22 ins.; weight, 180 lbs.	Length, 42 feet; width, 24ins.; weight, 180 lbs.
UNIVERSITY.	UNIVERSITY.
1..Wilbur B. Bacon, stroke.	1..H. G. Curtiss.
2..M. W. Seymour.	2..R. S. Peabody.
3..L. Stoskoff.	3..Thos. Nelson.
4..E. B. Bennett.	4..John Greenough.
5..E. Coffin, Jr.	5..R. C. Perkins.
6..Wm. W. Scranton.	6..Edwin Farnham.
Length, 44 feet; width, 23 ins.; weight, 190 lbs.	Length, 44 feet; width, 23½ ins.; weight, 175 lbs.
Sophomore's uniform—white shirts and pants, blue handkerchiefs.	Sophomore Uniform—White shirts, white handkerchiefs, trimmed with Magenta.
University — Flesh colored shirts, blue handkerchiefs.	University — Blue trowsers, white shirts, crimson handkerchiefs.
The average weight of the Sophomore crew.....127 lbs.	The average weight of the Sophomore crew.....135 lbs.
University " .....151 lbs.	University " .....156 lbs.

As before stated, all these boats were built by Jas. McKay, and as regards the models there was no difference; therefore the superior crew *must win*.

Punctually at the appointed time, the Sophomore crew of Harvard appeared upon the course, the first race being between the Sophomore, of Yale, and the Harvard. The prize was a national flag of silk upon a staff surmounted with a gilt eagle; and a triangular blue silk flag, on one side bearing date, "Worcester, July 29, 1864," and the reverse, "College Regatta—Sophomore."

FIRST RACE—SOPHOMORES.

Everything being ready, the boats got into line, and were started promptly (a commendable idea) at 4:15 P. M. for the first or Sophomore race. The Harvard crew took the lead at the start, and were never headed, coming in one minute and eleven seconds ahead. The winning boat pulled a very fine stroke; the Yale, "on the contrary, quite the reverse." Distance, three miles. Time—19:05. Harvard stock up.

SAME DAY—UNIVERSITY RACE.

Shortly after, the signal gun was fired for the University crews to come into line. Every one was anxiously waiting for the Yale crew to appear, as the Harvards had been sporting around since the first race. The Yale soon took their place, but they were not fancied by the crowd, Harvard still having the call. After filling and backing for some time, "go" was distinctly heard, and off they went; and strange to say, Yale shot to the front in a dozen lengths, pulling 47 to the minute, and were never afterwards approached, coming in 42½ seconds before Harvard. Time, 19:01. Distance, same as in previous race.

What shouting, cheering, and hand shaking followed! and when the boat came to the shore, the friends of Yale would have lifted her crew and all out of the water, had they not been held back by the more sober ones. I imagine the hardest pulling they had was after they got out of the boat.

The judges in the upper stake boat were for Yale, Twitchell and Hewitt; Harvard, Walley and Crowninghields; lower stake boat, Yale, William Wood; Harvard, A. L. Stickney.

The attendance was large, being estimated at 10,000. The weather was particularly favorable, the sun's rays being dimmed by light clouds, making it very agreeable for the spectators.

The Yale party were large winners, some $8000 or $10,000 changing hands. It was a notable fact that during the day you would meet some member of the Harvard crew about town, but nothing was to be seen of the Yale.

The city is very quiet to-night, 29th, compared with the same night in 1860.

SECOND DAY--SATURDAY, JULY 30.

CITIZENS' REGATTA.

There was very little excitement manifested to-day, compared with yesterday's racing. The Yale crews did not enter, evidently considering "discretion the better part of valor," and the Harvards were loud in their censure of this, but they did the same in 1860. The time for starting the first race was 10:30, most too early to attract a large crowd. The weather was very hot, with little or no breeze, making it very uncomfortable out of shelter.

First Race.—Single Scull Wherries. Distance, two miles. First prize, $75; second, $25.

Charley White; rowed by Walter Brown, Boston; white shirt and cap.

J. D. Baldwin; rowed by P. H. Colbert, Boston; white shirt and cap.

Emma Lovett; rowed by J. Radford, New York; white shirt and pants.

Friendship; rowed by Thomas F. Doyle, Boston; red shirt.

J. B. C.; rowed by Andrew McKee, Boston.

Louise; rowed by J. Tyler, Jr., Boston; white shirt, white handkerchief trimmed with blue.

Radford took the lead at starting, and although Brown passed him twice, he could not retain the lead. Brown pulled a lap streak, 25 feet long, 18 inches wide, weighing 56 pounds; while Radford's boat was a shell, 33 feet long and 11 inches wide. I predict that Brown will make his mark, if he follows it up strictly. The boats came in as follows:—Emma Lovett, first—time, 16:36; J. B. C., second; J. D. Baldwin, third; Charley White, fourth—time, 16:49; Friendship, fifth; and Louise, last.

Second Race.—Four-Oared Boats. Distance, three miles. Prize, $100.

George J. Brown, of New York; rowed by Dennis Leary, John A. Biglin, James Biglin, Bernard Biglin; white shirts and pants.

George B. McClellan, of Boston; rowed by George Foskner, John Evans, James Hatton, James Fox; white shirts and green caps.

The Brown took the lead at starting, and maintained it to the end, winning in 21 min., beating the McClellan, the new boat, three seconds. The Volunteer and Tickler, of Boston, were entered, but did not appear. [A well informed boating man says the Brown's real time was 20 min.—ED.]

Third Race.—Six-Oared Boats. Distance, three miles. Prize, $150. Start, 12:09.

P. L. Tucker, of New York; rowed by John A. Biglin, Dennis Leary, James Biglin, J. Eckerson, William Burns, Bernard Biglin; striped shirts and white pants.

Harvard, '66; rowed by Fred Crowninshield (stroke), Ed T. Wilkinson, William Blaikie, S. A. B. Abbott, Ed H. Clark, Charles H. McBurney (bow); white shirts, handkerchiefs trimmed with red.

The Tucker took the lead, and was not headed throughout the race, beating the Harvard Sophomore crew six seconds. The Tucker's time was 19:08. Four of the Tucker's crew had previously pulled in the Brown.

Judges.—George W. Bentley, of Worcester; H. T. Rockwell and George C. Dupee, of Boston; F. B. Rice, S. Salisbury, Jr., C. A. Chase, J. S. Baldwin, J. M. Barker, of Worcester.

FIRST ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK UNION YACHT CLUB.

KATY-DID WINS THE PRIZE, SAILING 26 MILES IN 2H. 35MIN.

The first annual regatta of the Union Yacht Club came off on the 27th ult., and was witnessed by a large number of persons from the starting point at New Brighton. This club is the youngest yacht club in the neighborhood of this city, and was established last January by several of the juniors of the first families of New York, possessed of an almost unlimited income, and therefore bid fair, ere long, to outstrip the more ancient organizations of this and the City of Churches. The Union Club limits its list of members to young men who are expected to be practical yachtsmen and are compelled to pass an examination in navigation and seamanship: its list of members now numbers 35, and the number of yachts, 6. Julian James is the Commodore, and M. Willett, Vice Commodore. For the present race, considering that it was their first trial, but little noise was made about it by the members of the club or their friends.

The following boats were entered for the contest, which was from the Stake boat off New Brighton, Staten Island, to Red Buoy No. 18, off Owl's Head, E. by S. from Stake boat, passing to N. and E., thence to Red Buoy No. 8 on S. W. Spit, passing to the N. and E., returning, to pass Red Buoy No. 18 from S. and E., thence to Stake boat, passing to the S. In going and returning buoys numbers 7, 9, 11, 13 and 15 to be passed to the eastward.

Lilly.....10 tons.....Owned by Com. J. James.
Pauline.....14 " ..... " Messrs. Peters, of Brooklyn.
Katy-Did....14 " ..... " L. Ketchum.
Iris.....14 " ..... " M. Willett.
Mist.....40 " ..... " C. J. Ketchum.

When the time for starting had arrived, it was discovered that the Lilly was damaged, and she was accordingly withdrawn by the Commodore. Another of the yachts, which was to have been one of the competitors, was unable to compete for the prizes, so that the contest was left with the Katy-Did, Pauline, Iris, and Mist.

At starting, the wind was very favorable, and the yachts got off in good style in the order as follows:

Katy-Did	10h	55m	Iris	10h	57m
Pauline	10	55	Mist	11	07

It will be perceived that the Katy-Did and Pauline got off together on the second, but the latter afterwards passed the Katy-Did, and was in turn caught and placed in the rear by the superior sailing qualities of Mr. L. Ketchum's yacht. They kept on their course at a spanking gait until they approached buoy No. 8, off the South-West Spit. At this point, the Iris bid fair to lead the race home, but by some extraordinary misconception, she sailed away in an entirely different direction, bearing away to the east and turning the Beacon instead of the Spit. It is contended that in all probability the Iris would have won the race but for the fact of her sailing master having misunderstood the course. While the Iris was beating about the west to turn the Spit, the other yachts, wind aft, were rushing along, with all sail set, on the way home.

Katy-Did	12h	50m	30s	Iris	1h	00m	30s
Pauline	12	58	30	Mist	1	07	30

The wind nearly dying out on the return, the small craft had it all their own way, distancing the Mist so much as to put her out of the race entirely. On entering the Narrows, a sudden flaw carried away the topmast and topsail of the Pauline, without, however, doing any further damage. The stake-boat was reached, after a capital race of 26 miles, by the

Katy-Did	2h	35m	00s	Iris	2h	46m	30s
Pauline	2	44	30					

The Mist did not turn the stake-boat, as she was the last boat.

At a meeting of the club, which was held immediately after the race on board Mr. Ketchum's yacht Mist, it was determined to double the value of the prize to be awarded to the winner, $100 being appropriated for the purchase of an appropriate piece of silver. It was also determined to undertake a cruise to Newport on the 3d of August, the general rendezvous to be Whitestone.

THE PROPOSED MATCH BETWEEN CANADA AND NEW YORK.

The following communication reached us too late for insertion in last week's CLIPPER:

Toronto, C. W., July 23d, 1864.

ED. N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Sir*:—You will greatly oblige by inserting in your next, the following reply to the Poughkeepsie challenge; and should such a thing take place as you spoke of—a grand four-oared regatta—you can count us in.

TO THE CREW OF THE STRANGER, POUGHKEEPSIE.—GENTLEMEN: In reply to your challenge, we beg to say that we, the crew of the "Prince Alfred," are so situated that we cannot leave business for so long a time as that required to row at Poughkeepsie. We therefore will give you the sum of two hundred and fifty (250) dollars to row in this city, five weeks from the signing of articles. We have a splendid bay, four miles long by two wide, entirely free from currents; therefore only one turn in a race is necessary. We have a large boat house at your service; and everything to make the time pass pleasantly shall be done during your stay. Should you accept, by forwarding articles to the undersigned, the sum of seven hundred and fifty (750) dollars, five hundred for forfeit, and two hundred and fifty for expenses, shall be forwarded to the Editor of the N. Y. CLIPPER, the balance to be put up on the morning of the race. Waiting your reply, we are, gentlemen, yours, &c.,

E. ARDAGH,
For the crew of the "Prince Alfred."

SAILING ON THE OCEAN.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE AROUND LONG ISLAND.

WEDNESDAY, July 27th, will be a day long remembered by the members of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and especially by those who participated in the Ocean Yacht Race around Long Island. The contestants were the Annie Laurie, of 23½ tons burthen, Captain William McMonies, and the Restless, of 16½ tons burthen, Captain John Jones. The amount run for was $1000. The regulations were to sail around Long Island, each vessel to carry five sails or less—i. e., mainsail, topsail, jib, flying jib, and squaresail; Plum Gut optional, but to sail outside of Rockaway Shoals. They were accompanied by the Mystic, Captain Henry Wall, and the Edna C., Captain Noah Mason, both of the latter being schooner-rigged yachts of about 60 tons burthen. Through the kindness of the gentlemanly commander of the Mystic, our reporter was furnished with a passage on board that vessel, but, owing to the wind being light for the larger craft, neither of the schooners arrived until Saturday afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27.—The time set for starting was 10 A. M., and before the hour arrived, a large number of yachts were under sail in Gowanus Bay. Owing to unavoidable delays, all was not in readiness until an hour after the appointed time. Both vessels having hove-to in the Bay, all ready for a start, the signal was given by the firing of a gun from the Mystic at 11:20, and off they started, the Annie Laurie getting a slight advantage. A light breeze blowing from the S. W. and the tide setting in, the contestants rounded the point opposite Governor's Island, and, accompanied by about twelve or fifteen other yachts, started fairly on their long course. When passing Fulton street the Annie Laurie was leading the Restless about one hundred yards, and from there to Hell Gate they maintained the same distance; going through the Gate, however, the Restless gained a little, and when rounding Throgg's Neck was about her length ahead, but when off Glen Cove, at 2:35, the Laurie was again leading. The wind being light, both vessels set all the sail they could, and kept close to the Long Island shore. At 6:35 passed Old Field Point, the Laurie now leading about one mile. At sundown, the four vessels—which was all that now remained of the number that came through Hell Gate—were steering their course, with a light breeze from S. W. The Laurie was leading, followed by the Restless, Edna C., and Mystic. 11:05—Laurie passed Horton Point Light, the wind soon after changing to N. W.

THURSDAY, July 28.—At 1, A. M., the Laurie passed Plum Island Light, and met a strong tide. She did not go through Plum Gut, but kept outside of Plum Island. The Restless soon after came to the light and started through the Gut, but also met a very strong tide, yet managed to get through with much difficulty, and headed for Montauk Point, with Gardiner's Island on the right and Plum Island to the left. The Laurie went the other side of Plum Island, and also headed for Montauk Point. All around the eastern part of Long Island the tides are very strong, and vessels of all kinds have much to contend with. At 4:35, A. M., the two contending crafts were in sight of each other, and, the breeze freshening from the westward, they came in at Montauk Point about side by side, at 7:15. Wind now changed to the northward, and for about fifteen or twenty miles the Laurie and Restless were very close together, it being hard to say which had the best of it. 10:15—wind hauled round to S. W. About noon both vessels had to reef, being now close-hauled and beating to windward, the Laurie gaining on the Restless, until, when night set in, she was between three and four miles ahead. The sea was now running pretty high, but both vessels behaved well, and the crews did not at all get seasick, as is intimated in one of the dailies. At this time (sundown) the Mystic and Edna C. were also round Montauk Point, and were also beating to windward. The Mystic carried full mainsail, foresail, jib and flying jib, and we have never seen a better sea-going yacht of her tonnage. Had a storm set in she would undoubtedly have come up to the contending vessels, and rendered assistance if necessary. It must be borne in mind that it is a somewhat hazardous undertaking for yachts like the Annie Laurie and Restless to go on the ocean side of the Island, as it is one of the most dangerous parts of the coast. At midnight the Laurie was in plain sight of Fire Island light, and the wind was quite stiff.

FRIDAY, July 28—at 4.30 A. M., the Laurie was under full sail, with wind W. N. W. Fire Island light bearing N. N. W., 1½ miles distant. After midnight the Laura apparently had not made much headway, owing to heavy sea. 7.30—sighted a sloop, supposed to be the Restless, about six miles astern. At 11.55 Laurie passed New Inlet, and at 2 P. M., strong breeze came up from northward. Half an hour more and she was off Rockaway, and at 3 spoke the Izaac Walton, of the B. Y. C., off Remsen's. At 3.26 the Annie Laura rounded the Black Warrior, at 4.18 passed the western point of Coney Island, and at 8 P. M. entered the basin off the Club House at Gowanus, having made the trip in 54 hours and 40 minutes. The Restless did not arrive at the Club House until 3 o'clock on Saturday, A. M. having been detained by the tide outside the bar. Taking all things into consideration, it was a closely contested race, and both vessels did well. Although there was quite a difference in tonnage the sails of both are nearly equal in size.

The parties on board the accompanying vessels, the Mystic and Edna C. had a very pleasant trip indeed. Among the thirteen on the Mystic there were persons from Philadelphia, New Jersey, Staten Island, Flatbush and Brooklyn, and the three days spent together by them will be long remembered as days of pleasure. What with the beautiful scenery of the sound, the deep blue waves of the ocean, catching fish, eating, drinking, joking and singing, we venture to say that a more happy party never went yachting. May Capt. Wall live a long and happy life, and may his beautiful Mystic always carry him as safely as she did on the trip round Long Island, is the universal wish of his twelve "shipmates" of the last voyage.

WARD GOLD SCULLS.—A sculler's race, distance two miles, will take place over the Albany Course, on Tuesday, Aug. 2d, 1864. The prize will consist of a beautiful pair of gold sculls, to be called the "Ward Sculls," in honor of the ex-champion, who, though defeated, has forfeited none of the esteem in which he is held by his friends in that city. The race is open to all Albany scullers, except the champion; and as four of the best oarsmen have entered, and are provided with fast boats, a fine race may be confidently expected. Indeed, so closely matched are two of the contestants, that the best boating authorities are unwilling to hazard an opinion as to which will prove the victor.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

AUGUST 3.—Mutual Muffins, return game at Elysian Fields, at 2 o'clock.
4.—Active, of Newark, vs. Quickstep, of Paterson, return game, at 2½, P. M.
4.—McClellan vs. Manhattan, on old Atlantic's ground.
4.—Mutual vs. Knickerbocker, of Albany, at Hoboken, fly game. Game called at 2½, P. M.
4.—Irvington, of Irvington, N. J., vs. Irving, of New York, at Sixty-third street and Third avenue, N. Y.
4.—Oriental vs. Montauk, on the ground of the former, at Hoboken. Game called at 2½, P. M.
4.—Champion, jr., of Jersey City, vs. Irvington, jr., of Irvington, on the grounds of the former, for the championship of the Junior clubs in the State of New Jersey.
4.—Second trial between Junior clubs Active, of Newark, and Quickstep, of Paterson, at Newark, N. J.
5.—Empire vs. Gotham, second nines.
8.—Atlantic vs. Camden, on the Olympic ground, Philadelphia, at 2 P. M.
9.—Atlantic vs. Olympic.
10.—Atlantic vs. Keystone.
11.—Star vs Mutual, at Hoboken.
—.—Mutual vs. Excelsior, fly game.
—.—Atlantic vs. Eureka.
SEPT. —.—Eureka vs. Active, return game, at Hoboken.

A SERIES OF GRAND MATCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE RESOLUTE OF BROOKLYN AGAINST THE PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.

Base ball this season has flourished more than it has done since the war began, and especially has it thus far been lively in Philadelphia. The fact is the Philadelphians are rapidly taking high rank as practical illustrators of the attractive features of the game, and if there was only a little more harmony between the leading organizations and less of that striving to win games at any cost, which leads them to adopt the cricketers plan of playing men in matches who belong to two clubs, they would be still further in advance than they now are even. One of the prominent causes of this improvement in the game is the custom of interchanging visits with the New York and Brooklyn clubs. Before the Philadelphians first visited the metropolis they were, as ball players, about as amateur a set as any place out of New York could produce, but their trips to this city resulted in a marked and rapid improvement, and in the short period of two seasons they had advanced so much in a practical knowledge of the game as to be considered sufficiently strong in individual skill as to export players to fill up the ranks of some of our best clubs, and this season has witnessed two examples of this kind, one being the strengthening of the Eureka nine with Theo. Bomeisler of the Olympic club, and of the noted Eckford nine with Fisler, formerly of the Adriatic, but lately of the Camden club, Pratt of the Athletic being elected to fill the prominent position in the Atlantic nine; and before the expiration of the present season we shall no doubt see matches played in which the Philadelphians for the first time will "put in an appearence" as able contestants in the series of championship games now in progress in this vicinity. There are now five flourishing clubs in Philadelphia, besides others who will soon come up to the requisite standard to rank in the same category, these five being the Athletic, the strongest—the Olympic, the oldest club in the country—the Keystone, Camden, a new and promising young club, and the Mercantile, the latter being an organization which aims more for mere recreation than the attainment of high rank as a playing club. There have already been played some ten or twelve local games in Philadelphia this season, but on Thursday, July 28th, the first of a series of matches between the Philadelphia clubs and the Resolute club of Brooklyn was commenced, this series only being one of several named to be played between clubs of New York and Brooklyn and those of the Quaker City this season, the most prominent being the series of championship games. The Atlantics are to play in Philadelphia the second week in August, on which occasion we fully expect the Philadelphians will be treated to as fine a display of the beauties of the game as they have ever before witnessed. The Resolute Club, though an association of excellent young ball players, do not rate so high as players as such clubs as the Eckford, Atlantic, Mutual, Eureka, etc., and therefore it was not expected that they were going to carry everything before them in the City of Brotherly Love; they are, when fully represented, strong enough to give the Philadelphians considerable trouble to win a ball from them, but, unluckily, on the occasion of this, their first trip to Philadelphia, they were unable to present their full nine, four substitutes, all of whom were not up to the mark, filling the places of absentees. The Resolutes left New York via Amboy on the morning of July 28th, and duly arrived at their destination, where they were met at the depot by a delegation of the Philadelphia clubs, heartily greeted with cheers, and then escorted to their headquarters in the city, viz.: the Union House, on Arch street, an excellent hostelrie, admirably presided over by those capable gentlemen, the Messrs. Webb Brothers. On the afternoon of the same day they played the first of the series of games, it being the match.

RESOLUTE VS. ATHLETIC.

In this game the Athletics presented one of the best teams we have ever seen them get together, and the play of nearly every member of their nine was creditable to the reputation of the club as the best playing organization of the city. As soon as we saw the nine on the field we felt assured of their ultimate success, and went so far as to name the score beforehand, placing the figures at 25 to 13 in favor of the Athletic, the result proving that we were not mistaken in our estimate of the respective strength of the contestants. The grounds were in excellent order on the occasion, and a numerous and highly respectable assemblage of spectators were present, among whom we observed a number of the "fairer halves" for which the Quaker City is so justly celebrated, this attractive delegation being provided with seats under the tent of the gallant Mercantile Club. The arrangement for marking the boundary of the field was not as good as it might have been, the temporary rope fence being altogether too close to the foul ball lines. We would also suggest to the Athletics that they at once procure a set of new bases, for those they have are fruitful sources of sprained ankles and legs. The game opened favorably for a close contest shortly after 3 P. M., the Resolutes going first to the bat, the result of the play in the first innings being a score of 3 to 3. In the second innings, however, the Athletics took the lead, and afterwards maintained it to the close, finally winning by the total score of 29 to 12. Of the play on the occasion, on the part of the Athletics, in fielding, we have specially to notice the fine pitching of McBride, the effective catching of Kleinfelder—one or two catches he made being beauties—and the good base play of Gratz—who played at third base admirably—and Luengene. We missed Berkenstock's steady and reliable play at 1st base, Malone not playing up to his mark on this occasion. The short fielding of Wilkens, and the out-fielding of Smith, Gaskill, and Hayhurst—the latter being in place of Berkenstock—was also creditable. In fly catching in the field, Gratz took the lead, he making a beautiful catch from a swiftly-hit ball in the 7th innings, Kleinfelder's fly-tip catch in the 5th innings being the next best of the match. On the part of the Resolutes, Lockwood creditably acquitted himself as catcher, young Wilson as short stop, and Allen, Weeden, and Carhart on the bases, the former pluckily holding his position, and playing it well, too, although suffering from a sprained ankle, and the latter marking his *debut* in the nine by excellent play at 1st base. The out hand was not up to the mark at all, and the pitching was far below the required standard of excellence. In batting, Hayhurst led the score on the Athletic side, securing no less than three home runs, two of which were well earned by good hits. In regard to home runs we have to state that a striker makes a home run whenever he succeeds in going round from base to base without stopping at either of them, no matter where the ball may have been hit, or what the character of the hit may be; "a clear home run," however, is only made when the batsman reaches home before the ball is returned to the in field. Allen led the score on the Resolute side, getting one clean home run, Rogers running for him. By their scores at the bat, these two players succeeded in winning the two handsome prizes liberally offered to the two clubs by Mr. Reger, the photographer of Philadelphia, the prizes being two vignettes, in the best style of the art, of the two successful batsmen in the match. At the close of the game the parties adjourned to the club house, where a collation had been provided by the hospitable Athletics, and where nearly an hour was spent in those friendly interchanges which characterize such occasions. The following is the full score of the game, and to that we refer for further particulars. Before we do so, however, we have specially to refer to the excellence of the decisions of the umpire on the occasion. Though he was liberal to the pitchers—hence the length of the game—he nevertheless observed the six rule of the game, and in every instance succeeded in doing his duty thoroughly and impartially.

BATTING.

RESOLUTE.	H.	L.	R.	ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.
Rogers, p	3		2	Hayhurst, r f	1		6
Weeden, 2d b	4		1	Gaskill, c f	3		4
Lockwood, c	5		0	Klinefelder, c	2		4
Allen, 3d b	1		4	Malone, 1st b	3		3
Wilson, c f	4		1	Luengene, 2d b	6		1
Carhart, 1st b	2		1	McBride, p	7		3
J Wilson, s s	3		1	Smith, l f	2		3
Bush, l f	2		1	Wilkins, s s	4		2
R Warnock, r f	3		1	Gratz, 3d b	3		3
Total	12			Total	29		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Resolute	3	0	2	0	0	2	0	5	0	0—12
Athletic	3	4	5	1	1	8	3	0	4	4—29

Umpire—Mr. F. Knight, of the Camden club.
Scorers—Messrs. Stearns and Benson.
Passed balls—Lockwood, 9; Kleinfelder, 7.
Home runs—Hayhurst, 3; Allen, 1.
Struck out—Rogers, 1; Wilson, 3; Warnock, 2.
Fly catches made—Kleinfelder, 3; McBride, 1; Wilkins, 1; Gratz, 1—total, 6. Rogers, 3; Weeden, 3; Lockwood, 2; Allen, 1; Wilson, 1—total, 10.
Catches missed—Warnock, 2; Lockwood, 1; Wilson, 1; Bush, 1; Kleinfelder, 2; Gaskell, 1; Malone, 1; McBride, 1.
Put out on bases—Resolute, 4 times; Athletics, 9 times.
Put out on foul balls—Resolutes, 7 times; Athletics, 6 times.
Double plays made—by J. Wilson, Weeden and Carhart.
Left on bases—Carhart, 1; Bush, 1; Kline, 1; Malone, 1; McBride, 1; Smith, 1.
Time of game—three hours and forty minutes. The longest game yet played this season.

THE SECOND DAY'S PLAY.

RESOLUTE VS. CAMDEN AND KEYSTONE CLUBS.

ON Friday, at 9:30 A. M., the Resolutes commenced a game with the Camden Club, on the grounds of the Mercantile Club, the match attracting quite a crowd of spectators for a morning game. The Resolutes were minus the valuable services of Allen, whose severe sprain, received the day previous, prevented him from putting his foot to the ground. Stearns, a second nine player, took his place in the nine, Wilson occupying Allen's position at 3d base. The Camden nine opened play, and by the good batting of Fisler, who made a clean home run and brought a man in, two runs were scored, unexpected errors on the part of Weeden and Carhart leading to this result, as the first three strikers ought to have been put out, Fisler being the fourth. By the good fielding of the Camdens, the Resolutes drew a blank for their share of the innings, the former thereby securing the lead, and by the creditable display the Camdens made in the field, their activity at the bases being noteworthy, they managed to maintain the advantage until the close of the 8th innings, at which time the game was a tie, the Resolutes having pulled the game up well from a score of 12 to 5 against them on the 5th innings. The last innings yielded the Camdens two and the Resolutes one, the former winning by a total score of 14 to 13. The contest was a lively and interesting one, and quite exciting towards the close. It was an hour shorter than the game of the day previous. The Camdens made two fine double plays in the game, and marked their fielding with several good catches, one, a fly catch by Mulliner, being a beauty. Fisler put out eight players by his good fielding behind, and led the score in batting, getting two clean home runs; Westcott also marked his score with a clean home run. On the Resolute side, the fielding, as a general thing, was not up to the mark. In fly-catching, Weeden, Lockwood, Bush, and Stearns marked their play with good catches. A change in the pitching in the 6th innings proved advantageous to the Resolutes, only two runs being scored off Wilson's pitching in the last four innings. There were two or three points in the ruling of the Umpire—which, by the way, was very good throughout—worthy of special remark. In the 7th innings, Carhart made a good hit to right field, on which he would have made his 2d base, but failing to touch his first, the Captain of the Resolutes very properly called him back; before he could return, however, the ball was fielded to 1st base, held there, and judgment called. As the baseman did not touch the player, and as the Umpire was not cognisant of the fact of the player having failed to touch the base, through not looking in that direction at the time, he very properly decided him not out, no Umpire having a right to decide on any point of play he himself does not see. Another point was on a question of baulks, and we think his decision correct in this instance also. Every pitcher has a regular style of delivering the ball, and one peculiar to himself, and this style, whatever it may be, involves a certain regular series of movements. Now, from the time the pitcher makes the first movement of his style of delivery, is to be dated the act of delivering the ball, or, rather, the movement to deliver, and if he fails to pitch the ball after the beginning of this movement, whatever it may be, he makes a baulk, and the Umpire must call it without appeal. The victory obtained by the Camden Club in this contest was most creditably earned. We expected to see a party of youths in the nine of the Camdens, and when, instead, we saw that the majority were middle-aged players, we fully expected to see the Resolutes win. But the activity and good general fielding displayed by the Camdens equalled that of the majority of the Athletics, and from what we saw of their play, we should say that the club who wins a ball from them will not have an easy job of it. They have a very effective pitcher, one of the best, if not the best, catchers in Philadelphia, three good basemen—Mulliner especially—and good men for the remainder of the nine; and withal, they work well together as a whole, a great element of success. The full score of the game is as follows:

BATTING.

CAMDEN.	H.	L.	R.	RESOLUTE.	H.	L.	R.
T C Knight, p	5		0	Rogers, p	3		2
Westcott, 1st b	1		3	J Wilson, s s	3		1
Mulliner, 2d b	5		0	Carhart, 1st b	3		2
Fisler, c	1		4	Bush, c f	3		2
Higgins, r f	4		1	Weeden, 2d b	3		0
G H Knight, l f	3		2	R Warnock, r f	3		2
Merry, c f	3		1	Lockwood, c	2		2
F L Knight, 3d b	2		2	Stearns, l f	4		1
Evans, s s	3		1	Wilson, 3d b	3		1
Total	14			Total	13		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Camden	2	0	0	4	6	0	0	0	2	2—14
Resolute	0	3	0	0	2	2	3	2	1	1—13

Umpire—Mr. Berkenstock, of the Athletic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Fisher and Philpit.
Passed balls—Fisler, 2; Lockwood, 5; Carhart, 1.
Home runs—Fisler, 2; Westcott, 1; Rogers, 1.
Struck out—Bush, 1; Warnock, 1; Higgins, 1; G. Knight, 1.
Fly catches made—Lockwood, 2; Weeden, 2; Rogers, 1; Carhart, 1; Stearns, 1; Bush, 1—total, 8. Mulliner, 2; Fisler, 1.
Catches missed—Fisler, 1; Westcott, 1; Higgins, 1; F. Knight, 1; Carhart, 2; Stearns, 1; Lockwood, 1; Warnock, 1.
Put out on bases—Resolute, 8 times; Camden, 3 times.
Put out on foul balls—Resolute, 8 times; Camden, 7 times.
Run out—Carhart, by Westcott; Stearns, by F. Knight.
Left on bases—Weeden, 2; Lockwood, 2; J. Wilson, 2; Rogers, 1; Wilson, 1; Carhart, 1; Westcott, 1.
Double plays made—by T. Knight and Mulliner; and by Mulliner and G. Knight.
Time of game—two hours and thirty minutes.

At 3, P. M., the same day, the Resolutes encountered the nine of the Keystone club, on the same grounds; we say the nine, but, in fact, it was not, as Woods and Smith were absent, two of their best players, but this drawback was offset by the fact that the Resolutes had not only four absentees from their regular nine when they left New York; viz., Morrison, pitcher, W. Warnock short, Bliss, 1st base, and Storer in the field; but in this match were deprived of Allen and Weeden, third and second base men, both being lame. It was under such a condition of things, and also with two defeats to dispirit them, that they entered upon a contest with one of the best playing clubs of Philadelphia, and one that our friend Duffy insists "can take down anything in this part of the country, you know." The opening play gave a look to things that led us to think that Duffy was right, for the Keystone scored 7 runs in their first innings, the fielding of the Resolutes being poor, the pitching worse, and the batting of their opponents very good. Base ball, however, like cricket, is a mighty uncertain game, and this match was a good illustration of the fact, for though the Keystones had obtained such a decided lead to start with, before the innings was closed they had not only lost their vantage ground, but had even allowed their opponents to lead them in the score eight runs, testifying alike to the good batting of the Resolutes, and the "demoralized" condition into which the Keystones were thrown by it. Though the very first striker was well put out on the fly, and two hands were out with but one run scored, no less than eight runs were secured by the Resolutes, the figures at the close being 8 to 7 in their favor. Keystone stock from being at a premium went down fifty per cent., and Duffy was transformed from a gay, smiling youth, sanguine of an easy victory, into a sober, thoughtful individual, reflecting on the uncertainty of things in general and base ball in particular. But he did not give in; it wouldn't have been Duffy if he had done so, but pluckily felt confidence up to the sixth innings, when, sad to relate, Duffy succumbed to his fate, and became resigned to the fact of a sure defeat, the 9 runs the Resolutes then secured settling the matter beyond a doubt. We are, however, hasty in arriving at the close and must go back again a little. In the second innings the Resolutes wisely changed their tactics, Rogers going on to pitch and Lockwood to catch, and from that time forth the Resolutes played one of their best games, both in fielding and batting, their display at the bat being the best we have ever seen them make. Lockwood's fine catching behind, and Stearn's excellent play at second base—his fly catching being especially noteworthy—elicited hearty applause from all present, and the climax of the good fielding was reached when Bowie made the splendid catch he did in the ninth innings, decidedly the best of the whole series of games. In fact, to cut the story short, never was a club more handsomely defeated than were the Keystones on this interesting occasion, and never was a victory more unexpected. The Keystones are undoubtedly a set of strong players, active and efficient in the field and first rate batsmen, but it was evident that they not only needed practice in general, but practice as a whole in particular. They changed about in the field so often that we could hardly keep trace of them in their positions. This is a great error in the management of a match, and one that greatly nullifies the good effect of individual skill in the nine, as inferior players will frequently make a good game by playing well together, each in his familiar position; whereas, first class players make poor display when they are not in their right places and do not work together as a whole. The Keystones bore their defeat very good-humoredly, and not long after the close of the game Duffy recovered his spirits and was himself again; before the day closed he had taken a sweet revenge on the Resolutes by taking the party down to a friend's house and treating them in that hospitable manner the Keystones are so noted for, the Resolutes being highly gratified with the result of their first acquaintance with the Keystone club. Mr Theo. Bomeisler, of the Eureka club of Newark, ably discharged the duties of umpire, giving satisfaction to all parties. Some better arrangement in keeping the spectators back in the rear of the foul ball lines would have been an improvement. We append the score:

BATTING.

KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.	RESOLUTE.	H.	L.	R.
Dick, c	3		2	Rogers, p	3		5
Mulholland, 1st b	3		3	Wilson, c f	5		3
Coady, s s	4		2	Bowie, 1st b	3		3
E Cope, p	2		3	Lockwood, c	1		5
Deal, l f	2		3	Bush, l f	4		5
Frazier, c f	3		2	Carhart, 3d b	2		5
H Cope, r f	3		3

SPINNING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY W. S. M.

Sat a maiden at her spinning,
On a golden Autumn morn,
Singing merrily a ditty,
Keeping time unto her song.

She had eyes of starry brightness,
She had hair of glimmering gold,
And a face whose saintly beauty
Hath in story ne'er been told.

Through the open lattice stealing,
Rays of golden sunlight fell,
Lighting up the simple cottage
Where the spinner long did dwell.

She sat while the bright shades deepened
And long streaks of crimson light
Fell aslant the quaint old chamber,
Heralding the coming night:

Till the bright eyes of the maiden
Under silken curtains met,
And the heaving of her bosom
Showed us that the spinner slept.

Hark to those Heavenly voices
Wafted on the evening air;
See those forms that hover near her,
Looking so unearthly fair.

See how fast the chamber's filling—
Myriads of shining ones
Lighting up the dusky shadows
Brighter than the light of suns.

Ah! they're whispering to the maiden,
Telling her of sin and strife—
Bidding her join with their numbers,
Taking up the thread of life.

And her gentle spirit, willing,
With that band of angels flies
Through the lattice, soaring upwards
Through the far-off darkened sky.

Strangers laid her in the meadow,
Close beside a rippling stream,
And 'tis whispered, in the twilight,
There her spirit oft is seen—

Spinning on a golden distaff,
Golden threads so fine and bright,
Making garments for the angels
That she joined that Autumn night.

THE ACE OF SPADES;

OR,

MURDER WILL OUT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAMES C. POPE.

"Spades again?"

"Spades again! Beware of a lurking evil, Paul Winship. There are personal dangers prophesied here. Spades, to you, are ominous. See; here comes the ace spade, black and hideous. A new made grave is foretold."

"Pshaw! Mere conjecture—bagatelle."

"If you dispute the signs of the cards, young man, why come here to consult them?"

"You are paid to answer questions, not to propound them. Tell me, if there is truth in the mystic pasteboards, what are my hopes?"

"That nearest your heart?"

"Even so."

"An issue, an heir, from your fair lady, the beautiful Cordelia Travers?"

"The devil is in the cards; you read her name on their prints. Well?"

"Prepare to hear the worst."

"Proceed."

"You die by violence, and without issue."

"Do the cards foretell my fate so plain as that?"

"More vivid than my tongue dare portray."

"Pray reveal the particulars and manner of my predicted death."

"My lips are dumb to the oracles before me."

"Give me but an inkling. Let this serpent ring be a bribe."

"Beware of darkness; a secret foe is on your trail. Your life is eagerly sought for, and the knife is now glittering at the point that will soon be stained red with your blood."

"Is the shedding of my blood inevitable?"

"As fate itself. Retire now to your home, and there, in repose of mind, endeavor to recall some important event of your past life, that may have been the cause of making an enemy."

Paul Winship retired from the apartment, and the venerable card reader was left alone.

Paul Winship was a young and wealthy man, but recently married, his wife being the only daughter and sole issue of an affluent merchant deceased. Being without relatives and the last of his name, Paul was over anxious that his beloved partner should bless their union with an heir, an heir of that species that would perpetuate his name, and hand it down to posterity with the colossal fortune now possessed. The subject gave him a great amount of uneasiness, and it preyed so upon his mind that he had recourse to a famous card reader, not that he reposed any faith in the cards, but to stimulate a ray of hope beating in his heart, that "Old Roger Corneaux might reveal the future." With what effect, the reader has already learned. How mysterious and uncertain are the ways of Providence.

Paul Winship never returned alive to his proud and happy home, for he was ruthlessly assassinated on the dark and lonely highway leading to his residence. His mangled and bleeding body was discovered next morning by some laborers passing that way, and in the left hand, found tightly compressed by the parting agonies of dissolution, was discovered a *card*.

It was the ace of spades, "black and hideous."

* * * * * * * * * *

During the investigation at the coroner's inquest as to the manner and cause of Paul's violent death, the evidence adduced was considered sufficient to warrant the immediate apprehension of Roger Corneaux, the card reader. The arrest was promptly executed, and the venerable man was brought before the coroner.

"Roger Corneaux," said that official, very pompously, "you are aware of the cause of your arrest."

"I am," replied the card reader in a calm, meek voice.

"You are supposed to be the murderer of Paul Winship, whose dead body now lies before you. What have you to say in defence of yourself against the supposition?"

"Against a supposition, nothing; that is not law as I read it."

"No matter what you read. Paul Winship, the deceased, was last seen to enter your house alone."

"There were those who came and went, subsequent to his visit."

"Accomplices of yours, no doubt."

"Sir, make no accusations you cannot sustain."

"This card, the ace of spades; it was found in the hand of the murdered man. Do you recognise it?"

The old man gazed thoughtfully at the uplifted mute witness, and with a long breath exclaimed—

"It is mine; how came it here?"

"You know best, Roger Corneaux: and what horrible motive prompted you to slay an innocent man, is more than I can surmise."

Roger was remanded for trial, and so furious were the populace, that they rushed to the card reader's abode, and before the strong arm of the law could interfere, the building was fired and burned to the ground.

During the conflagration, a man was seen to issue from an open skylight on the roof, and gain a foothold by the water pipe. His position was a perilous one, for the mad flames were beginning to burst out in every direction, threatening to envelope him. Before a ladder could be poised to assist the man, the forked tongues of the living element were hissing at his ears, and with a wild yell of despair, he bounded into the air, and came down with a velocity truly terrific to look upon.

The body was instantly picked up and borne away, there being life still within it.

* * * * * * *

The trial of Roger Corneaux, for the murder of Paul Winship, was over. The prisoner, notwithstanding he was defended by the ablest counsel, was convicted on circumstantial evidence—evidence that consigns more innocent men to an ignominious death than there remains murderers unhung.

The fact that the prisoner acknowledged the card found on the body of the dead man as his, and the fact that he failed to produce the pack to which the ace belonged, the jury believing he destroyed the pack to avoid comparison, proved two links in the chain of evidence; there, together with the serpent ring in his possession, sealed his doom to the gallows.

The day of execution was fixed, and as old Roger went forth from his dark cell, never to return to it, his form was bent and unsteady, for he was weak in this hour of adversity.

When mounted on the dread scaffold, with his arms pinioned behind his back, and the fatal noose adjusted around his neck, he was interrogated by the sheriff regarding the murder.

"I am innocent," replied he. "Murder will out. When I am dead, and perhaps forgotten, another man may suffer here for the committal of the bloody deed for which I am to suffer now."

Before the cap was placed, he shook hands with the sheriff, cast one long, lingering look at the azure sky, and moving his lips, as if in prayer, said:

"Be gentle with an old man."

As the cap was being thrown over his face, a loud cry was heard in the jail yard. A man, an official of the court, rushed forward, and mounting the platform of the rude engine of death, placed a sealed document into the hands of the sheriff.

Breaking open the seal, he read the contents hurriedly, and assuring himself of the genuineness of the seal attached, he called aloud, first whispering to Roger, that "the execution is stayed by a decree of the court," and turning to the prisoner, found him senseless. The good news was too much for the unfortunate man, and he fainted away.

* * * * *

In one of the Hospital wards, on a bed, with his head wrapped in cloths, surrounded by the officers of the law and a few physicians, lay a dying man. He was making a last confession. Said he, his voice growing weaker and weaker:

"When I heard that they were married, I swore to be avenged, and to that aim I devoted each hour of my existence. I watched every opportunity to strike my successful rival his death blow, but was often foiled by mere circumstances. The night of the murder I saw him enter the card reader's home; I followed him in, and concealing myself in the apartment, saw and heard what passed between Paul Winship and Roger Corneaux. The card reader foretold the manner of his death, and was rewarded by a gold ring. When Paul retired, I lingered behind, awaiting a favorable chance to slip from the house unobserved, and while impatiently waiting, an idea that I could involve old Roger in the murder which I was contemplating seized my brain, and clutching the cards that lay upon the table, concealed them in a pocket. Leaving the house, I sought the road that I knew Paul must take. Hurrying forward, more like a fiend than a man, I overtook my victim, and calling him by name, he turned to confront me, when I struck the sharpened steel deep into his breast. As the knife let out his blood, he staggered forward, and catching the lappel of my coat, struggled desperately with me. It was during this struggle he, no doubt, managed to secure the card from the pack in my breast pocket. As we wrestled, he spoke the name of Cordelia Travers, which so maddened me that again I struck, and again, twice, thrice, when he loosened his grasp and fell to the earth, bleeding at every side. I fled and concealed myself. When Roger Corneaux was before the coroner's jury, I repaired to his dwelling to make his complicity in the murder more damnable, for I hated the old man. As the infuriated mob rushed toward the house, my guilty conscience made me a coward, and concealing the cards in a desk-drawer, I hastened to the cellar below to conceal my presence, for I apprehended the mob might seek for me only. When the building was set in flames, I could not escape; the fire burned all around me, and there was no means of escape but to the roof."

Here the dying man faltered in his speech.

His name was inquired.

It was never revealed. The man was dead.

* * * * * *

Old Roger Corneaux was honorably released from custody, and now, when people visit him to have their fortunes revealed, they wonder at the card, the Ace of Spades, hanging on the wall in a black ebony frame, and across its face, in broad, sombre letters, the words

MURDER WILL OUT.

BURNED CORK PIETY;

OR,

HOW THE LICENSE WAS GOT.

A True Sketch of a Dodge in the Minstrel Line.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

Some time ago I was travelling in Maine, and at Augusta met with a New York boy, who was then, and is now, at the head of a popular band of minstrels, which are at present off on a starring tour, so I will not name them. It is enough that they take and advertise in the "CLIPPER."

Sam ——, the leader, after we had smiled once or twice in remembrance of old times, asked me about the route which he had better take, knowing that I was well acquainted in all parts of the state. I mentioned a line of towns wherein I thought so excellent a company as he had, could not fail to make "a handsome pile," speaking of one, however, on the route, which though large, populous and wealthy, he need not think of stopping at, for it was a town of many churches and great piety, and of such strict morality that for years its selectmen had refused to license any performances like circuses, magical soirees, minstrel concerts, &c., &c.

"A wealthy town, you say?" said Sam, thoughtfully, after I had done speaking of the place.

"Yes, very!" I replied.

"And the people very pious?" he continued.

"They are said to be remarkably so," I answered.

"Then if I don't get a license there and make a big pile, I'll stand one night's treating for you and your crowd when I get back to Gotham!" said he.

"I'd like to see how you'd manage it!" said I, "for I know of some of the smartest agents in the "biz" that have tried it on and couldn't put it through there."

"Just come down there next Monday night and see me perform!" said he.

"Will you go the oysters and champagne there if you do not perform?" I asked.

"Yes, and pay your expenses besides!" said Sam.

To this no objection could be made on my part, and I went down to Portland that afternoon, having business that way, promising to see him at B—— on the next Monday if nothing very strange happened to prevent it.

The week passed away, and Sunday found me in Augusta once more, ready to start for B—— the next morning. The next day came and I started to go by rail as far as I could and by stage the rest of the way.

I arrived in B. about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the stage rattled through the town I saw that there were large posters upon every blank wall, around which crowds of gazers were gathered. But we went so fast I could not see what was announced. But on arriving at the hotel where the stage office was kept, I saw one of the bills in the bar-room and read it. It was this extraordinary announcement.

"THE HALLELUJAHIANS!!!

A moral and highly interesting performance by returned

PEGEE MISSIONARIES,

who are raising funds to carry forward their noble and beneficent enterprises, will be given this evening, in the Town Hall, at early candlelight. The Missionaries have the approbation of the Reverend Clergy of this most enlightened town, and feel confident of the support of all pious and benevolent people, and of all lovers of good music. The Missionaries will appear in character, performing upon various instruments, and singing many new and splendid pieces. Come one, come all. Admittance only fifty cents. Clergy and selectmen free."

I knew in a moment who these Missionaries were, and inquired at the hotel office if Mr. Sam —— was stopping there.

I learned that he had been, but having been invited to stay at the house of the Methodist minister, had left the hotel. On inquiring for other members of the troupe, I found that they too had found favors either with ministers or deacons, and were "quartered" out around the town.

It may well be believed that I waited with anxiety for the early hour of candlelight announced on the bills. It came at last, and it was well for me that I started early for the hall, for even when I got there, there was scarcely standing room in the place, and the hall was a large one too.

The performances came off in Sam's well known and very best style. I have no doubt but that most of the pieces were new to the people there, but they were old to me. But they "took" with the people of B. amazingly. At some of the broad jokes and connundrums, the gentlemen who wore white cravats looked at times rather serious, but the laugh was with the majority.

Sam got off one or two regular southern camp meeting songs, and at the close of the concert, made a very moral speech, thanking the generous and appreciative people of B. for the handsome assistance to his dear cause, and announcing that another performance, "Providence permitting," would take place the next evening.

I tried to see Sam that night, but could not, his clerical friend took him away as soon as his face was washed.

But I met him the next day, and privately, over champaign and oysters at my expense, he told me how he had managed to get license and to fill his house.

He had his bills struck off in Augusta, binding the printers to secresy, and also manufactured some letters of recommendation to all Christian denominations, signed by imaginary D. D's.

With these documents, he and his company arrived in B. on Saturday morning. All of that day, he and four or five of the company best fitted for the purpose called on the clergymen and some of the most pious leading citizens to state that they wished much to give a sacred performance, such as was advertised. But, on Saturday, they neither asked for license nor put up a bill.

On Sunday, the troupe, consisting of eighteen star performers, was so divided that a part of them got seats in the choir of each church in town. Here they "let out" to the best of their ability, and sung so loud and so well that they attracted universal attention, and became, of course, town talk. Having modestly told, in the choirs, who they were, they had the best of advertising at once.

When Sam called upon the selectmen, they hardly looked at his pile of commendatory letters—the object of his performance and the piety of his company, who had all attended the meetings of the day before, was enough, and they gave him license to perform *free* in the town as long as he wished.

And he did perform there, to full houses, for a whole week, shocking the inhabitants, however, dreadfully, by going off on the next Sunday morning, with livery teams, to fill an engagement, under the regular company name, in a town only twenty miles further east.

It is doubtful if the people of B. can ever again be gulled by "Fejee Missionaries" or any other kind of missionaries who sing for money; for they found out Sam's tricks, and were mad exceedingly when the papers of other places heralded the joke.

HAMBLIN AND THE MANAGER.

How Tom Came to Throw up an Engagement.

A SORT of domestic drama was once performed rather unexpectedly, in which Managers Hamblin and Dinneford, and a lady *then* known as Mrs. Charles, played conspicuous parts. The Bowery Theatre being closed, and its "bright particular star," Mrs. Shaw, having gone to shine in the East, the renowned Thomas S. Hamblin began to find time hang heavy on his hands, and therefore resolved to visit the City of Brotherly Love. Having arrived, and made sundry calls on Managers Burton and Pratt, without finding his services in great request, Tom called on his old friend William Dinneford, manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, and at the particular hour when Tom dropt in, he, Dinneford, was in close divan with Blake, consulting on some "taking piece" for the opening night, and other matters. Tom being admitted to the manager's room, something like the following dialogue took place.

HAMBLIN.—Well, Bill, here you are, going the big figure again! hey—

DINNEFORD.—Exactly so, Tom. Pray, what brings you so far from home?

HAMBLIN.—Oh! I was sent for to play, but d—n their souls, there's nothing to be done with them. They won't toe the mark. Suppose I play a star engagement with you, Bill?

DINNEFORD.—With all my heart, Tom. What's the terms?

HAMBLIN.—Oh! between you and me that's all easily settled. Say a hundred dollars a night, and half a benefit.

DINNEFORD.—Good. What'll you play?

HAMBLIN.—Oh! you know what *I can do*. So let's go ahead.

DINNEFORD.—Well, then, let us have the "Honey Moon" on Monday. You play the Duke, of course.

HAMBLIN.—It's a bargain. Let's go and take a drink, and then show me the cast.

DINNEFORD.—We'll take the drink, but as to the cast, why I must consult Blake; that's his business, and it shall be put up in the green room to-morrow.

HAMBLIN.—That'll do.

The next day was Sunday, and Hamblin called to see "the cast." He was told it was in the green room, whither he hastened; and there, sure enough, it stuck as large as life, and by the side of it sat a lady studying the part of Juliana. Hamblin did not cast a glance at the lady, although *they had met before*, but he walked straight up to the large poster containing the cast, which ran thus:—

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.
Oct. 12th, 1840.
THE HONEY MOON.
DUKE - - - - - MR. T. S. HAMBLIN!!
(For this Night Only.)
JULIANA.
By particular desire,
MRS. CHARLES!!!*

Manager Hamblin read the bill from top to bottom, and then rubbed his eyes. It was all true though, for there it stuck in the correct orthodox manner, the names of the stars displayed in most conspicuous red letters, according to the most approved fashion. "Here is a go," says Hamblin, "for Bill Dinneford, but it's no go with me;" and banging his hat on with the air of a man going to do something desperate, he rushed from the house, ran down to the wharf, and bespoke himself a berth in the first conveyance for New York, in which city he arrived the following morning, and was walking Broadway at the very precise hour when Dinneford was seeking for him in Walnut street to attend the rehearsal. Here occurred what may be termed the second act of the farce. Meeting one of his particular and confidential friends, the latter said:

"Hoy, halloo, Tom! why what the devil brings you back from Philadelphia? I thought you went there to play?"

HAMBLIN.—"Well, so I did; but the whole place is agog with infernal politics—couldn't do anything for the election until to-night."

"Well, you might as well have staid there as come back. You've nothing to do here."

HAMBLIN.—"Yes, that's true enough; but then, you see, poor Bill Dinneford opens to-night, and I wouldn't play against him. He has had ups and downs enough, poor devil; so, you see, I came away, determined not to play in opposition to *him*."

"That was kind and considerate of you, Tom. So let's go and have a mug of beer."

* It may not be universally known that the Mrs. Charles was once Mrs. Hamblin. That whilst bearing that name she left her husband; a long litigation ensued, which ended in a divorce. Of course their acting in the "Honey Moon" would have been one of the greatest treats imaginable.

A YANKEE CLAM BAKE.

Many persons have heard of a New England clam bake, but have no accurate idea of what it is. Here is a description of one lately given at Portland:

Upon the ground, in a space eight feet in width by forty-five feet in length, were placed smooth, round stones, about the size of a person's head, and not very near together. Upon these, early in the morning, had been kindled a fire of three cords of wood. This had burned down to a coal, and the stones were hissing hot. Over these stones was placed a sixteen-inch layer of rock weed, just from the water and dripping wet. Then on the top of this were placed sixty bushels of soft-shelled clams, ten bushels of oysters, one hundred lobsters, sixty dozen eggs, one hundred pounds of codfish, three barrels of potatoes and three of green corn. A sail was then laid over the whole, and about six inches of rock weed was placed on top of it. Then the steam began to come through in a dense, continuous volume. After three-quarters of an hour, the sail was rolled back sidewise, and there was the whole "bake" cooked admirably, and as clean as could be. And now the fun commenced, each one running with a plate to dip into the winrow of clams, piping hot, the steam coming up in a great volume and hiding those on the opposite side of the pile from view. Some darted into the hot fog and came out with a plate of clams, others with a single oyster, another with corn, another with potatoes and a lobster. A friend of ours from the West came rushing past us (fearfully demoralized by the hot steam), holding in his hands the legs of an enormous lobster—some luckier individual getting the balance of the flesh and claws. We inquired what he had got. "I've got them!" he exclaimed, holding up the legs of the lobster; "but what in thunder they are, I don't know." He had never seen a lobster before. Bushel baskets were filled with clams, others with the various other edibles fresh from the kiln, and conveyed to the tables by the attendants, the grass being dotted over with small parties enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. Four bushels of charming fish chowder had been prepared in the large kettle, and this was relished by all.

LOST! LOST! FOREVER LOST.—Artemus Ward has recently proposed, and that interesting event was attended with the following incidents: "I bi't her a Doller's wuth ov Joolry, consistin ov a gole watch, a buzzim pin an earrings, an things—upwards of sevril ov the kaarst. But she was always morely pleased when I took her a hunk ov yaller Jack. It was a splendid sight to see her eat yallar Jack. After kortin her sevril weaks, I thort it was time to bring things to a Climmax. I nite I took her a sooperb big chunk ov yallar Jack, an arfter she put herself outside of it, I sez to myself, now is the exsepted time, as the Scriptoors remarks. I had been 2 weaks in learning sum big words with which to arsk her to be mine, an I got down on my knees bei her to say 'em when sez she: 'Gimme another hunk ov that candy bei you begin to pray.' This nockt all the wind out ov my Sales, as it were, an I didn't no wot to say, an cum putty near saying it. But I wasn't agoin to give up the ship so to speak. I squattid side ov her, took her alabaster hands in mine, lookt into her eyes an faintly articoolated: "Mariar, I luv you a good bit wuss nor nothin. Will you walk through life's thorny path with me?' Me heart kept bobbin up an down in me buzzim as tho' it warnted to break its bonds an sore away as the Poik sings. But I don't think Mariar understood me figgerative langwidge, for sez she: 'Not a walk. I don't intend to travel thro' enny thorny paths without I kin ride. You're a ole fool, that's what's you ar.' & I guess I was, for I left the damsel without pressin me soot. As I became wiser I grow older, an have since larned that a girl don't mean all she sez. Not by a harf duzzin. When a femail calls a chap a ole fool, she thinks he's a hunky boy, as Ben Affik sais. I pity Mariar."

A RAT STORY.—A neighbor, whose "statements are entitled to implicit confidence," relates the story of the cunning and intelligence of a rat, which is truly remarkable. Being plagued with the depredations of the rodent mammels, he made various attempts to secure the representatives of this small race of quadrupeds. The trap used was a wire one, and so constructed that on a rat entering and nibbling at the bait, the trap would spring and cage the intruder. Our neighbor when he went to examine his trap always found it sprung but no rat, and what was the strangest of all, the bait gone. So he resolved to watch the trap. His patience was presently rewarded by beholding a half dozen rats making their appearance, and at their head one who appeared to be a leader. This rat advanced slowly and cautiously towards the trap, and when the others would make a move as if intending to rush at the bait, the old fellow would wag his tail and they would fall behind him. After viewing the trap closely, the old fellow approached the back part of it, and getting on it shook the raised part until the trap sprung, and then put a paw through one of the openings between the wires, and taking the bait off, made good his retreat with his booty.

STEVE CONANT'S COURTSHIP.

I once called on my friend, Steve Conant, and while there the conversation turned on courtship; and at my request, the old gentleman told me an incident in his own love affairs, which I give in his own words:—

"Wall, seeing it's you, I don't mind telling about a scrape that happened to me when I was courting Nancy here. That is something that I never tell anybody. But ye shall hear it."

"No, don't Steve," broke in the old woman, "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, telling your love scrapes to everybody."

"If you can't bear it, you may get out doors—so here goes:—When I was nigh about twenty-one, I came up here all alone, and built me a cabin. I hadn't a neighbor nearer than five miles, so you see, I didn't quarrel very much; but as it grew to be near winter, I got kinder lonesome, and began to think I ought to have a woman to keep me company; so one morning I started down to Lenway, to take a look at the girls, to see if I could find one to suit me. When I got down to the settlement I asked a young chap if he knew of a girl that wanted to get married, and he told me he guessed that Nancy Knox did, and if I wanted a wife, I had better try and hitch on with her; and he said that if it was agreeable, he would go to Dr. Knox's and make me acquainted with Nancy, and he was as good as his word, and it wasn't an hour afore Nancy and I were on the best of terms. Afore night I hired out with the Deacon for ten dollars a month, half of the pay to be taken in produce, and the rest in clear cash, and I was to work all winter.

"Wall, for about two months I felt as neat as a mouse in new cheese. I courted Nancy every Sunday night, and I was determined before another week to pop the question, and I hadn't a bit of doubt but what Nancy would be overjoyed at becoming my bosom companion. Wall, about this time there came a fellow from one of the lower towns to keep school, and he hadn't been there more'n a week before I found he had a natural hankering after Nancy; and worst of all, the old Deacon, who seemed mighty pleased at the thought of my courting his gal, begun to kinder cool off, as if he would like the schoolmaster better for a son-in-law, and it made me feel kinder down in the lip, I can tell you.

"Wall, on Sunday night, Bill Smith (for that was the pesky critter's name), came in just at dusk, and when the clock struck nine he didn't seem to go. Old Mrs. Knox and the young uns all went to bed, and there were none left but the old Deacon, Bill, Nancy and I, and I kept 'specting every minute that he would show Bill to bed, but he did no such a thing; but just as the clock struck ten he ris up, and ses he—

"'Steve, let's go to bed, for we must be up bright and airly to have them ere logs to the river.'

"Wasn't that a hin't, eh? I looked at Nancy, but she turned away her head, and at this I up the ladder to bed. I was boiling over mad with all creation—Bill, Nancy, and the Deacon in particular. I got into bed and kivered myself up, but I felt so bad that I couldn't go to sleep. Like as not the schoolmaster was hugging and kissing Nancy down in the kitchen, and I couldn't shut my eyes for the life of me. Wall, all at once it occurred to me that there were some big cracks in the floor over the kitchen, and I could watch and see all that was going on below; so out of bed I got, and crawled along to the chimney on all fours, and finding a big crack, I looked down through. Bill and Nancy were setting about two feet apart, though every now and then Bill would hitch his chair a little nearer to her. How I could have choked that man! I watched them for about a quarter of an hour, and by that time I was near about froze, as it was an awful cold night, and I hadn't a rag on except my two shirts. But I would not go to bed, for I was bound to know if Nancy was true to me. By and by Bill hitched his chair a little closer, and I could see he had made up his mind, and was just going to kiss her. How it riled me! But I was bound to see it through, so I moved a little to get a better view, and that moment the plank tipped up, and down I went kerchunk, and landing between Billy and Nancy. Bill thought for once that the old Nick had come, and streaked it out doors; and as for Nancy, she gave one look, and then covered up her face with her apron. I started out of the kitchen as quick as you could say scoot, and as I was going up the ladder, I heard old Mrs. Knox holler:—

"'Nancy, scoot the cat down, or she'll break every dish on the dresser.'

"The next morning when she went out to milking, I popped the question to Nancy, and she sed she would have me, for she didn't care a cent for Bill Smith, and we have been married forty years come June."

JOE HAINES, THE ACTOR.

The noted Joe Haines died in 1701. He was a strange compound of opposites. A buffoon, swindler, scholar, linguist, mountebank, fortune-teller, A. M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a comic actor of great humor, with an irresistible pushing facetiousness, which introduced him not only to the acquaintance, but the familiarity of persons of the first rank. He contrived to get himself employed on the staff of two distinguished statesmen, Sir Joseph Williamson and the Duke of Buckingham, but his constitutional impudence and laxity of speech marred his promotion in diplomacy. He passed himself off in France for a count, and became a general favorite in society for a time, from his fluency in the language and incomparable dancing. Through life he was up and down—a pauper or a spendthrift, rolling in ephemeral wealth or without a penny in his pocket. His great *forte* seems to have been in speaking prologues and epilogues, particularly those written by himself. But he was ever a licentious dog, loose in morals and without religion. Once he played off a practical joke on a parson, by pretending to appoint him chaplain to the players, which led to some unseemly equivoques. The parson happened to have a son, a member of the thrasonical family, a talking bully, and of course, a coward; but he vowed publicly to avenge the trick put upon his father. Accordingly, he watched Joe from rehearsal one day, and swaggering up, desired him to draw. Joe demanded to know why, and they adjourned to a tavern that he might be told. Joe, receiving the information, consented at once, but said, "I am a religious man, and must have five minutes to say my prayers." He then retired to the next room, and in a loud tone, distinctly heard by his challenger, expressed his repentance for killing seventeen persons in duels, and concluded by asking forgiveness for being obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the list. The other looking on his fee-simple of life as not worth a moment's purchase, ran down stairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning. Quinn told Garrick the following story of him:—In James the Second's time, when Romanism was a sure road to preferment, he, amongst others of higher rank and more weight, professed himself a convert, and gave out that the Virgin had appeared to him. Lord Sunderland sent for Haines, and questioned him as to the truth of his conversion, and whether he had really seen the Virgin. "Yes, my lord; I assure you it is a fact." "How was it, pray?" "Why, as I lay in bed the Virgin appeared to me and said, 'Arise, Joe.'" "You lie, you rogue," exclaimed the earl; "if it had really been the Virgin herself, she would have said *Joseph*, if it had only been out of respect to her husband." Haines, upon his re-admission to the theatre, after his return from the Church of Rome, acted "Bayes," and spoke his recantation-prologue in a white sheet, with a burning taper in his hand. The prologue is printed in Tom Brown's works. Among Tom Brown's "Letters from the Dead to the Living" are three long ones upon Joe Haines to his friends at Wells' coffee-house in Covent Gardon, but they contain little or no theatrical information, and are duller than might have been expected. Joe Haines was buried in that favorite theatrical necropolis, the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but we never heard that any of his aristocratic friends erected a monument to his memory.

JOSH BILLINGS ON CATS.

I have studdyed cats clussly for years, and hav found them adikted tew a wild state. Tha haint got affekshun, nor vartues ov enny kind; tha will scratch their best friends, and wont ketch mice unless tha are hungry. It haz bin sed that tha are good to make up into sassages; but this iz a grate mistake, I hav bin told bi a sassage maker that tha don't compare with dogs. Thare iz one thing sartin, tha are very anxious tew liv, you ma turn one inside out and hang him up bi the tale, and az soon az yu are out of sight, he will manage tew turn a back summerset and cum around awl rite in a fu days. It is verry hard wurk tu looze a cat. If one gets carried eph in a bag bi mistake a grate ways into the kuntry, tha wont stay lost only a short time, but soon appear tew make the family happy bi their presence. Old maids are very fond ov cats, for the reason I suppose that cats never marry if tha hav ever so good a chance. Thare iz one thing about cats I don't like, if yu step on their tales bi acksident tha git mad rite oph, and make a grate fuss about it. Thare iz another thing about them which makes them a good investment for poor folks. A pair ov cats yield each year without any outlay, something like eight hundred per cat. It iz a very singular fack that cats don't like a mill pond, I never knu one tew get drowned bi acksident. Tha luv cream, but it seems tew be agin their religgun tew tutch soap. Cats and dogs hav never bin able tew agree on the main question, tha both seem tew want the affirmative side tew onst. I think if I could hav mi way there wouldn't be enny more cats born unless tha could sho a certifikit ov good moral karakter. Thare iz one more thing about cats which seems tew be awful affektashun, and that is makin such a devilish noise under a fellers winder nights, and then kall it musik. If I waz tew hav mi choise between a cat and a stripped snake, I would take the snake because I could git rid of the snake bi letting him go. Thare aint no sartin wa tew kill a cat, if you get one wurked up into sassage, an yu think yu are awl rite, just az likely az not tha will cum to and take off a whole lot of good sassages with them. Theze are mi vews about cats, rather hastily hove together and if I aint said enuff agin them it iz onla bekauze I lack the information.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

JOE WORMALD AND ANDREW MARSDEN.—The third deposit of £5 a side for the match for the Championship of England and £200 a side, was duly posted on Thursday evening, July 14th, at Bob Travers', the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Castle street, Leicester-square. Wormald, who appeared in remarkably good health, was present, but Marsden, who has a business in Nottingham, could not leave without serious inconvenience.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND JOE COBURN FOR £1,000.—The fourth deposit, of £50 a side, for the great fight between Joe Coburn, the Champion of America, and Jem Mace, was to have been staked on Tuesday evening, July 19th, at Nat Langham's, the Mitre Tavern, St. Martin's-lane. Ould Nat gives a good account of Coburn, who is gaining many friends in Ireland, and Nat expresses a favorable opinion of his chance of success. Jem Mace is equally confident, and as the match progresses the more certain does it appear that both men are anxious for the fray, and intend to do the best they can to win.

A long article recently appeared in a Limerick paper, at which office Joe Coburn called to pay his respects to the editor, loud in singing the praises of Sir Joseph, and ridiculing Master Jem at his tardiness in not discovering until he became matched with one who has the sympathies of two of the greatest people in the world—the Americans and Irish—that he had Irish blood in his veins. Just now Mace has got "Irish on the brain," as may be seen by a glance at any of his notices or advertisements. We give one as an example:—

"TO MANAGERS.—The Champion of England, Mr. Jem Mace, now matched with Mr. Joe Coburn, Champion of America, for £1,000 and the Championship of the World, can accept engagements for one month to exhibit *with his favorite Irish second;* also to show the Champion of England's belt, the Wyndham trophy, the Champion of Middle-weights' belt, valuable goblet *presented him by his Irish friends*, Norwich tankards, and other trophies and testimonials. Managers wishing to engage him will please send terms and dates to the George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican."

RATTLING COMBAT

BETWEEN

JOE CROSS AND ANDY PEAS.

On Wednesday, July 13, a passage of arms took place in the Home circuit between Joseph Cross and Andrew Peas, both of Westminster, the former staking £7 to £5. There was every possibility at one time that the affair would end in a forfeit, but when the stakeholder had carefully perused the articles, they were found to be loosely drawn up, that as long as the money was down before the fight there could be no claim of forfeit, and therefore he ordered them to fight on the day appointed. Cross went down to the scene of action by an early train, but it was not until the afternoon that Peas left town by the same route. Peas, who is perfect novice, is twenty years of age, stands 5ft. 5in. in height, and weighed 8st. 7lb. He was on this occasion backed from Mr. Milson's, Westminster, and was, as regards condition, more fit than his antagonist. Joe Cross is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 ft. 5¼in., and weighed on Wednesday at least 10st. 6lb. He has fought several battles in the ring, having met, amongst others, Billy Hawkes, Smockey Bishop, and Frawley. He was backed from Mr. ansell's, Duchess of Kent, Westminster, and although well, healthy, and strong, he was very fleshy and fat. After a trip by rail, and then by water, the usual battle-ground was reached, but the authorities were represented, and a move was made to another chosen spot, and the ring pitched. When Peas arrived, no time was wasted in preparing for battle, as the men and their seconds were equally eager. For prudential reasons, we withhold the names of the seconds; suffice it to say that both the combatants received the requisite attentions. The referee having been chosen, the lads commenced the first round at six minutes to four P. M.

Round 1. Cross appeared a giant in comparison with Peas, who is of the greyhound build. Great caution was displayed on both sides for some time, Peas jumping about with great activity, and working round his obese antagonist to discover an assailable spot. At length finding one, he dashed his left on to Joey's right eye, and followed that up by going in with both hands, when each pegged away merrily, right and left, until they closed, and Cross threw Andy at the ropes, giving him also the full benefit of his weight.

2. The above spirited rally apparently put an end to any idea of tedious sparring, as Peas went to work with both hands, and drew blood from Cross's mouth. Stinging exchanges ensued, in which Cross forced Peas to the side of the ring, and both fell over the ropes.

3. Exchanges in favor of Cross, who drew Andy's cork, and closing, both were down side by side. (5 to 4 was now laid on Cross).

4 to 6. Peas, who had orders to force the pace, went resolutely to work, and, notwithstanding the extra weight of Joe, the lightweight put his mark on him in the shape of some neat little contusions on the right cheek, forehead, and chest. Cross, who had much the advantage in strength, bored Peas to the ropes, where he either threw or fought him down. Time, 18min.

The police here showed in force, and a cessation of hostilities was necessary, which was unfortunate, as the battle was at the time most evenly contested, neither having any apparent advantage. A move to fresh ground was soon made, and the lads were at it again at a quarter to five.

7. Peas, whose left eye was much flushed, was very confident. Cross, who smiled when he renewed the fight, had his right eye discolored and his lips swollen. Like the first round, it was some time before the ice was broken, but at length they commenced in earnest, and fought with both hands to the ropes; but separating, renewed the half-arm hitting in the centre of the ring, until both fell, side by side. In all, thirty-nine rounds were fought with great determination on both sides, but the extra weight of Cross had the usual effect, for although Peas planted on his opponent as rapidly and frequently as he received, yet his blows were not so effective, which lack of power, combined with the frequent tosses and falls he sustained, so weakened Andy, that at the conclusion of the thirty-ninth round—after a spirited rally—he was thrown heavily, and was carried to his corner insensible. After the usual period allowed, and finding that Peas was unable to renew the contest, the sponge went up, and Cross was hailed the winner, after fighting 1 hour 8 min. Cross fought much better than we had seen him previously, and has regained the good opinion of his supporters, who were not pleased with his conduct in his mill with Frawley. Peas behaved himself with the greatest coolness and determination, and, with the exception of some flashy tricks, made a most commendable *debut* in the P. R.

THE MILL THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS ARRESTED, AND THE STAKES AWARDED TO THE OPPOSITE PARTY.

ACCORDING to mutual arrangement, every preparation was made to bring off the mill between Young Elphick and Lew Billett, for £20, on Monday morning, July 11, and the sporting world were all agog as to a knowledge of the fixture. The result of numerous inquiries tended to show that there was a screw loose, for it became known that Billett had been apprehended at the instance of the Scotland Yard authorities, and conveyed to the Clerkenwell Police Court. The proceedings there we append, and are thoroughly surprised that the magistrate puts a totally different construction upon the law to that of MR. YARDley and other stipendiary justices, who have maintained that they could not interfere before a breach of the peace had been committed. Lewis Billett, aged twenty-two, who described himself as a paper-hanger, residing at No. 8 Gifford street, Caledonian road, Islington, was brought up in the custody of the government detective police, and charged before Mr. Barker with being about to commit a breach of the peace. The court was crowded by persons who, it was stated, had started with the intention of being present at the intended prize-fight, which was to have taken place on Monday, from Erith. Police Sergeant Beard, 29 A, said—In consequence of receiving information that a person of

during our sojourn amongst you. (Applause). In years to come, when far away, should our lives be spared, my wife and I will find true enjoyment in the contemplation of the wonders which we have witnessed in this new world, and shall anxiously watch the progress and increasing prosperity of this extraordinary country, wherein we have seen so much to instruct, surprise, and interest us. We shall recall to mind with peculiar gratification the fact of having given utterance to the language of Shakespeare sixteen thousand miles from home, in a populous city built upon a spot which thirty years ago was a lonely wilderness. (Applause)." On his closing night at Sandhurst, in the course of some remarks, he said:—"Our visit to Australia has been to us replete with interest, and when divided, as soon we shall be, by thousands of miles, we shall remember, with pleasurable and grateful feelings, the wonders we have seen, and the kindness we have experienced. (Applause). In a few days we expect to arrive in Sydney, and after taking a brief and final farewell of our friends in that city, we shall cross the Pacific Ocean to California, returning homewards by way of New York and the North Atlantic States. We shall revisit America with emotions of no ordinary kind, for it was there my early professional efforts were first encouraged; it was there the applause I received kindled the first glow of hope that I might one day obtain ultimate success. It was there Mrs. Kean, then Ellen Tree, achieved so many triumphs and won so many friends. (Applause). Soon after our return to England, which will be in about twelve months, we shall retire into private life, and then, if spared to enjoy the fruits of the labor of life in an age of ease, we shall often converse of 'the fortunes we have passed,' and Australia will arise a prominent feature in our hearts and minds. (Applause). Ladies and gentlemen, in Mrs. Kean's name, as well as in my own, allow me respectfully and gratefully to bid you farewell." On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Kean to Melbourne, two nights were devoted to dramatic readings, for the especial behoof of that anomalous class of beings who like to hear plays read but have a holy horror of seeing one performed, on which occasions there were a very large assembly of black coats, white neckties, and dismal faces.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN is already one of the lions of London, attracting notice wherever she appears, and meeting with marked attention from the best of people. She rides on her fine black mare every afternoon in Hyde Park, with a groom in full livery in attendance; and sometimes she airs herself in an open carriage, with coachman and footman in livery. She will play at Astley's Royal Theatre, London, in September, and if the beautiful Mazeppa don't create a sensation in the great metropolis, may we hope to be drafted.

THE DEFEAT of the pirate Alabama has made stars of her crew. During the performance of "The Downfall of Pride," one night recently, at the Brittannia, London, the fact of some of the crew of the Alabama forming a portion of the audience was circulated from mouth to mouth. The news spread like wild-fire, and drew down unceasing demonstrations of applause, which first considerably astonished and perplexed those taking part in the performance. The real cause of the excitement coming at length to the ears of Mr. Crauford, he, in a few words, introduced the party, who occupied one of the boxes, to the audience. The applause then became tumultuous, and the "brave fellows" were induced to go on the stage, when Mr. Crauford addressed a few words to the enthusiastic audience. The management on this hint *have engaged the crew*, and they were announced to appear every evening during the week.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, ye Wizard, will open at St. James Hall, London, about the 1st of September.

MD'LLE LUCCA left London and the Grand Opera with her nose slightly elevated and somewhat out of joint, refusing to sing any more because, as she says, she was encored too often, and was angered by the way the English ridiculed her fellow countrymen, the Austrians. "I shall ruin my voice," she wrote, "in your fog and your coal dust—where you get a black nose from every flower you smell;—and am I to stop and listen to your insults in addition to all this?"

THE LYSTER OPERA TROUPE opened at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, May 2d, in Gounod's "Faust," Mr. Squires appearing as Faust, Mr. Wharton as Mephistophiles, Miss Georgina Hodson as Siebel, and Madame Lucy Escott as the fair Marguerite. Madame Lucy Escott, although suffering slightly from hoarseness, was, it is said, as delightful and melodious as ever, and her acting even more impressive. Mr. Squires had considerably improved since his last visit to Melbourne.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HALL IN THE CITY.
MONDAY, AUGUST 1,
And every evening during the week,
THE BOMBARDMENT OF PETERSBURG,
GISSIPIUS,
OLD MAID'S LAMENT,
POMPEY MOORE,
DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO EAT,
CLEAR THE TRACK,
JACK ON THE GREEN, &c.,
By BROWER, PURDY, and the entire
STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 17

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
SIXTH WEEK.
CONTINUED TRIUMPH OF THE MASTER BAND.
THEIR NEW AND MAGNIFICENT HALL
CROWDED NIGHTLY
with the Beauty and Fashion of the Great Metropolis. The Hall is decidedly the
COOLEST IN THE CITY,
being circular in form, and having 28 large windows in the auditorium; also 10 windows, 6 feet by 4, in the rear of the stage.
EVERYTHING NEW THIS WEEK.
All the COMEDIANS,
VOCALISTS,
DANCERS, and
INSTRUMENTALISTS
IN THEIR BEST EFFORTS.
For full particulars, see this week's programme. Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. On Fast Day, Aug. 4, a Grand Afternoon Performance, commencing at 2½ o'clock.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Commences at 7¾; concludes at 10:30.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
of the grand Spectacular Drama of
THE SEA OF ICE,
in which the distinguished artiste,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
has achieved a Positive Triumph.
MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 1st, 1864, will be presented a grand Dramatic Romance, entitled the
SEA OF ICE.
Louise de Lascours, afterward Ozarita.....Miss Lucille Western
APPROPRIATE SCENERY, COSTUMES and APPOINTMENTS,
The original music, composed by J. P. Cooke, under the direction of Harvey B. Dodworth.
On Monday next,
EAST LYNNE.
Seats secured six days in advance. 17

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, August 1, 1864.
First night of the
GREAT SENSATION DRAMA, by
MR. J. B. HOWE, Esq.,
entitled
SUCH IS LIFE:
or,
A HIT AT THE TIMES.
NEW SCENERY and
MECHANICAL EFFECTS.
MR. J. B. HOWE
In the principal ROLE, with
ONE GLASS MORE,
and
MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE. 17

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.
MANAGER.....GEO. WOOD
NINETEENTH NIGHT
Of the highly successful engagement of the young, beautiful, gifted, and magnificent
MISS HELEN WESTERN,
MISS HELEN WESTERN.
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1,
THIRTEENTH REPRESENTATION
AND LAST BUT THREE
Of the
FRENCH SPY,
FRENCH SPY.
After which, condensed into one act,
THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS.
MISS WESTERN appearing in BOTH PIECES,
FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5,
FAREWELL BNEFIT OF MISS HELEN WESTERN.
Seats may be secured in advance.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock. 17

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G. L. FOX.....Manager and Proprietor.
FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE,
Having been
RE-DECORATED, PAINTED, UPHOLSTERED,
AND WELL VENTILATED,
During the recess, and rendering it
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY,
WILL RE-OPEN SATURDAY, AUGUST 6,
with
NEW AND TALENTED ADDITIONS
TO THE COMPANY,
including
ALL THE OLD FAVORITES,
When will be produced
NEW PIECES,
NEW SCENERY, &c.

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE,
WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
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THE COMIC TALENT OF THE WORLD.
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DICK PARKER, F. DIAMOND,
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THE BEST SYNTETTE OF MUSICIANS,
IN ALL, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD, Manager.
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C. MYERS, Lessee and Manager, will commence his fall and winter season at the above Theatre October 3d. Several first class artistes wanted to fill the company. Stars received on liberal terms.
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Portland, Me., up to August 9th, Portland to the 20th, Portsmouth after that No. 248 Broad st., Providence, R. I. 17-6t*

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THE
FRANK BROWER
"JUBILEE."
WEDNESDAY, AUGTST 3d, 1864.
Greatest array of talent ever presented to the New York public. All the brilliant genius of the profession have volunteered, particulars of which will be announced at an early date. 16-2t*

CECILE RUSH, Tragedienne,
Having just concluded a highly successful Engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the ensuing season, with the following pieces:—
IDA LEE, WOFFINGTON,
AURELIA, CATHARINE OF ORMSDORF,
DEBORA, MARIA STUART,
And the Standard and Legitimate Drama. Address
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BONIFACE and NEWTON
ALLIANCE
will commence their Fall and Winter Tour at the
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ON THE 22d OF AUGUST.
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16-2t Care W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, New York.

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THE STAR OF THE WEST.
SURNAMED
SATANELLA, THE QUEEN OF MYSTERY!!
PANTOMIMIST, BANJOIST, GUITARIST,
COMEDIENNE AND PROTEAN ACTRESS, AND
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This BEAUTIFUL and TALENTED ARTISTE, whose brilliant achievements in the
ART DIABOLIQUE!!
render her one of the most POPULAR and ATTRACTIVE "STARS" now travelling, is busily preparing for the Fall and Winter Campaign.
Managers of FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALLS, desiring the services of this accomplished artiste, will please address OCEANA, care of Clipper Office, New York. 17-tf

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MORRIS' MINSTRELS
engaged for the coming season, commencing
AUGUST 15th, 1864, AT BOSTON,
will please assemble in Boston on the
11th DAY OF AUGUST, 1864,
to attend rehearsal.
The company already engaged are
Messrs. CHARLEY FOX, CAL. WAGNER, J. R. TAYLOR, JULES STRATTON, J. A. BARNEY, J. RICKIE, JULES SEIDEL, WM. BLAKENEY, L. COOK, J. LUDWIG, M. C. MILLER, T. RUSSEL, M. KANANE, FRANK WELLS, NED WEST, W. A. ABBOTT, CHAS. A. MORRIS, and JAPANESE TOMMY.
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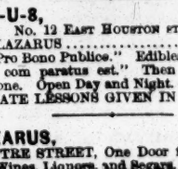

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17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

A LITTLE LIGHT THROWN ON YOUNG BENDIGO.

Some months back an account of a meeting between Young Bendigo and Rhody Maguire was published in our columns from a Detroit paper, in which, it appears, we were led astray. McGuire, we are informed, by a Canadian correspondent, was not the concert saloon performer, but we believe Bendigo to be the same individual who came out with such a windy challenge in reply to that manly, straight-forward and honorable card issued by Con Fitzgerald. As our friend's letter will be generally interesting, we here give it a place. The Surgeon Steward of the U. S. S. Vindicator, belonging to the Mississippi Squadron, writing on the 10th ult., from Mound City, Ill., says:—"I remember reading an incident in the CLIPPER about one Rhody McGuire and a gipsy named Bendigo, who I am inclined to believe is the same party who recently answered Con Fitzgerald's challenge in a Canadian paper. This Rhody Maguire is not the one you represented him to be: he is not the chair-balancer, jig dancer, etc. True enough, Bendigo was looking for a turn-up, and talked pretty big till McGuire came around. He represented himself as the one who owned the Broadway Bowling Saloon [which is not so.—ED. CLIP.], but had to leave it on account of the riots, and expected some money in a short time, as soon as his affairs could be squared, etc. Being a very good sparrer, and a pretty lively, well built fellow, the London (C. W.) boys took him in hand; got him a room, gloves, etc., and procured thirty-three pupils for him. Soon afterwards a meeting was called for the purpose of making a match between him and Bendigo. Both being willing to fight at catch weight, we went at once and got $250 towards the $300, which they were to fight for. On the Sunday following, we all went to the One Horse Tavern, some three miles from town, where we were to meet the other party: about 150 were present, and after some talk, we presented the Articles, when Bendigo backed out, inasmuch as he would not fight in six weeks time; he wanted to fight right away for what money McGuire could raise. McGuire was willing, but in no condition, and for this reason, together with a few other things which occurred, we would not consent to let our man fight, except for a bellyful, and so the match was off without one blow being struck, and not as reported, that McGuire pulled him around the ring by the nose. Such an article did appear in the London *Free Press*, but it was all buncombe. McGuire, as we thought, had sold the fight to a man named Hank Schram and others. After this we dropped him, and he is now in the London lock-up for some offence. There was a good fight a short time after that, for $350, between Hank Schram, of London, and Sam Davis. Schram was seconded by Billy Lawless and Fred. Hammond, and Davis by Bill Frazer and Zept Treghan. They fought at Paris, C. W., for 1 hour and 47 minutes, and 62 rounds, which ended in a draw, as both were so used up as not to be able to walk; it was as game as could be. A letter received early in July from London, reports a big match on the tapis between Dan Doody and a man called Anni Onion, for $100 a side, in three weeks' time. I know both men, and can assure you they are lively specimens of humanity, who have been more than once at a hand to hand mill. Charley Goodhue has Doody in hand, and Billy Wilson is training Onion."

ONE OF MASSEY'S OLD OPPONENTS.—There is an old sport now keeping tavern in Rochester, N. Y., by name, James McBride, who gave Jemmy Massey one of the tightest brushes he ever had for a small stake, but had to knock under to the greater generalship of the Stunted Life Guardsmen. The battle took place near Manchester, on the 17th of July, 1843, lasted 88 minutes, and 72 rounds were fought. In "Fistiana" they have his name O'Brien instead of McBride, which is liable to lead people astray. McBride is a native of Liverpool, but was raised among the Sheffield blades. He has been in America for some time, and is now keeping a sporting house in Rochester, the Old House at Home, 228 State street, where all the English sporting papers may be seen, as also splendid lithographic portraits of Jem Mace and Joe Coburn (in fighting costume), now matched for the Championship of the World. Give Jemmy a call.

DOONEY HARRIS VS. PETER MARTIN.—These men met on the 26th ult. at an uptown sporting drum, and agreed to be at our office by or before 12 M., on the 2d inst., to make a match at catch weight, to fight in three months. Fifty dollars a side were put up, and either party failing to be on deck at the time appointed is to forfeit the money down.

GEO. BAKER AND ROBT. COBCORAN.—As agreed upon, Baker and Corcoran met for the first time to know each other at this office on the 27th ult., to try and make arrangements for a mill, but they couldn't agree and so separated. Corcoran couldn't wait no three months, as he had better business to attend to, but offered to fight Baker at catch weight for $200 in two weeks, or the next day for what money was deposited. Neither of these propositions suited George; he would, however, agree to fight Robert in three months for $200 a side at 138, '39, or '40 lbs. Seeing there wasn't the ghost of a chance for a "meet," Ould Jack Leonard said he had an Unknown he would back against Baker at 138 lbs., who was none other than the old-fashioned Dooney Harris, to which Baker said he couldn't give a definite answer until he had consulted his backers; he left his $50 in our hands until he got their decision, as did also Leonard the half century already deposited in case George should "come again."

JOHNNY HICKEY TO THE 115-POUNDERS.—This little bantam from the West now on a visit to this city, and who, his friends allege, has not been treated very respectfully because he is from the West, can be backed to fight any 115lb man, give or take one pound, in the United States, for $1000 in three months from the signing of articles, the fight to take place in Canada, and within one hundred miles of Buffalo. Hickey's backers wish to inform any one who may contemplate accepting the same, that they will have to fight in Canada, and Canada only. Harry Stebbins, in company with Barney Martin, of Cincinnati, has left $50 to make the match, which will remain for two weeks in our hands for anybody feeling so disposed to cover.

CHALLENGE FROM DRUMGOOLE TO JOHNNY HICKEY.—Jem Colbert, of the Gem, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, has put up $50 with us for Johnny Drumgoole to fight Johnny Hickey at catch weight for from $500 to as much more as Hickey can raise in two months from signing articles, and Drum's friends thinking that Hickey came on here for fight, hope he will lose no time in toeing the mark. If this doesn't suit Hickey, Joe Graham will fight him at catch weight for from one cent to $1000, and give him his own time.

HICKEY IN TOWN.—Master Johnny, who fought George Norton in the same ring as Clark and Horrigan, was in town last week seeing the sights. He looked in good trim and is no doubt taking care of himself in anticipation of a match.

THE UBIQUITOUS MCCOOLE.—One of our correspondents in Mound City, Ill., says that Mike McCoole, the Western Giant, was working in that city under government as foreman of some manufactory there in July, and had been for some time. This is the very latest bulletin—at one time he was reported as being in the army, at another as running a steamboat, and nearly every week he has been reported in different locations. Which of all these yarns are we to believe?

ONE OF THE MACE FAMILY.—There is said to be a man named Tom Mace on board the Gunboat 57, belonging to the Mississippi Squadron, who claims to be a younger brother to Jem Mace, the English pugilist. He is reported as being a fine strapping young fellow, but not on the muscle.

JIM BURNS AND JERRY DONOVAN'S LATE SCRIMMAGE.—It is seldom or ever that any event takes place that hasn't two sides to it, and the late turn-up between Burns and Donovan at St. Louis, as reported to us by one in whom we have heretofore placed every confidence, is no exception to this rule. As Burns was one of the principals, and he ought to know as much as anybody, we give our readers his version:

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 25.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Sir*—I take this method of informing you of the late fight between myself and Jerry Donovan. The statement in your paper, to the effect that it was a fair stand-up fight, is incorrect. Neither was McCoole, Monaghan, Thurston, Carroll, or Rocky Moore there. Of the twenty spectators who witnessed the affair, all were in favor of Donovan. I was hit in the face and breast, and kicked when down. In the last round I was kicked four times, and finding there was no show for me, among such a crowd, I drawed out of it. Now, Mr. Editor, to show that I mean fight, I have deposited $50 in the hands of Mr. Larry Cavanagh, the proprietor of the Broadway Shades, on Broadway, between Carr and Biddle streets, and all I have to say is, that if Mr. Donovan means the same, now is his chance to get on a match for $300, open for $500, in four or six weeks. If Mr. Donovan declines this challenge, Mr. Looney can accept it on the same conditions. What I mean is a fair and square stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London prize ring.
Yours with respect, JAMES BURNS.

THE OLD HANCOCK.—Bill Evans, who was so unfortunate as to have his house in Theatre alley destroyed by fire, and been out of luck generally for some years, has, we are glad to hear, had a change of fortune. He is now mine host of the old Hancock House in Corn Court, near Faneuil Hall, Boston, where he will ever be ready to extend the hand of friendship. Go and see William.

DEATH OF TOM SHEVAN.—One of the St. Louis papers contains the following paragraph—"Tom Shevan, the acrobat and pugilist, who had a fight about two weeks ago with McAdams, at Clexton's saloon, and was afterwards arrested as a deserter from Company C, Sixth Missouri, and escaped from the guard-house with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, was drowned at Louisiana, Missouri, on the Fourth of July. On escaping from the guard-house, he went on board the steamer Boston, bound for the Upper Mississippi, and wanted the deck-hands to take off his handcuffs; but they refused, but allowed him to remain on board. As the boat was landing at Louisiana, Shevan leaped overboard, and, striking his head against a rock, was instantly killed.

RISE IN PRICE OF CLUBS.—Owing to the high price of material and increased rate of labor, Mr. S. D. Kehoe, the Indian Club manufacturer, has been compelled to advance the price of his clubs, which hereafter will rule at $5 per pair for 6 and 8 lbs., and $6 for 10's and 12's. The extra dollar, however, will not be missed for such lasting stock as locust is.

THE TURNER AND GEOGHEGHAN AFFAIR.—As these men couldn't come to terms, their proposed match is off. The less said about it now the better.

NUNAN AND DORSEY'S MATCH.—The fourth instalment between these lads is due at Johnny Dwyer's, No. 3 East Houston street, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 2. Tommy Churchill, the stakeholder, called at our office on the 30th ult., and got the money thus far deposited—$150 a side—and in future, he informs us, he will attend all the deposits to receive the different portions of the main stake.

TURK OPEN FOR ONE MORE FIGHT.—Harry Jennings has concluded to allow his famous old dog, Turk, to appear once more in the pit, and is prepared to back him against anything that can be produced that looks like him at 34½ lbs., give or take one pound, for $1000 or $2000 a side, give or take expenses; or he will fight Turk, who has fought since he has been in Boston, at 24 pounds weight against Tom O'Neil's dog at 26 pounds weight if Tom bets $1,000 to $800; or he will fight Turk or any other dog he has got on the same condition. The above match will remain open for any dog that can be produced for two months, and if not accepted, Harry will claim to have the Champion of America." The match to be for from $200 to $2000 aside, and a handsome silver collar.

THE DOONEY HARRIS JUBILEE.—The famous old pugilistic general who took Marley into camp so easily and a few nights ago bothered Uncle Phil Clare so badly with the gloves that he was confused beyond measure, and would fain have been for the nonce behind his bar in Columbia street, is up for a "jamboree" at the Stuyvesant Institute on Thursday evening, Aug. 4, when Young Barney Aaron and Monsieur Dooney are to put on the mittens and have a set-to royal. There will also be singing, dancing, and merry-making generally, and all for 50 cents. Dooney will, we expect, have a "scrouger."

MIKE DORSEY'S NIGHT.—The youth opposed to Mike Nunan (who had a fine benefit the other night) will be the recipient of a complimentary at the Stuyvesant on Monday, 15th inst., and as Dorsey has ever been ready and willing to put up his hands for others, they ought, and no doubt will, rally around Mickey. More particulars before the show.

IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Flory McCarthy, the brother of Tim, has secured a snug berth in Frisco as entry clerk in the Custom House, at a salary of $2000 a year in greenbacks. Flory has been in California some months, and likes it first rate.

OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN TO THE SCAMMEL BROTHERS.—The Scammels and Geogheghans having had some misunderstanding, and indulged in a little chaff, Owney agreed to fight both John Scammel and his brother in one ring, and all hands started to come to our office on the morning of the 1st inst., to put up money. Owney, as usual, was up to the mark, and after waiting awhile to see if the Scammels were coming, he left $200 with us to make a match to fight the Scammels in one ring, one after the other, at a day's notice, or in a week or a month, or any time they like, for $1000 or $1500, and will be at this office on Wednesday, Aug. 3, between the hours of 1 and 2, P. M., to draw up articles, when he expects the Scammels will show up like men, or else stop using his name.

"CATARACTS" ON DECK.—The members of the Cataract Engine Co., No. 25, of which company the affable Dick Flanagan is foreman, give their first annual picnic and cotillion excursion at Newark Bay Grove to-day, Aug. 2. Cars run out there every few minutes to the Grove. We hope the boys and their lady-loves will enjoy themselves.

OUT ON BAIL.—Matt. Brummaghum, the party accused of murdering Charley Phillips, of Albany, which affray created such intense excitement at the time, is out on bail, having been released in $10,000 bonds by Judge Barnard, of this city. It is thought that some great influence has been brought to bear in the case, and people whisper all kinds of things. The trial, we are given to understand, doesn't come off till December, and before that time comes election. Nuff ced.

WANTS SATISFACTION.—The "cove wot looked for fight," and got it by picking up Dooney Harris for a flat, is not satisfied with that scrapping match, as will be perceived by what he has to say below:

MR. EDITOR: When I was beaten by Dooney Harris, I was under the influence of liquor, and I want satisfaction out of him for the ill-treatment I received on that occasion. I will fight Dooney Harris for $100 or $500, a rough-and-tumble fight for twenty minutes, and if it should last longer than that time, I will then agree to make it a fair stand-up fight until one or the other of us gets licked. If Hill thinks to beat me out of that money, he will find himself mista

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their Business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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Will be promptly attended to.
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The above popular Music Hall is now
OPEN
FOR THE
SUMMER SEASON.
Giving a series of
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every evening, and on
SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
NOTICE.
The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON will commence
On
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PERFORMERS OF TALENT
wishing engagements will please address as above. None but the
VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION
need apply. To such
GOOD SALARIES WILL BE PAID. 12

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original
FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
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The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays from the depot to the hotel, upon arriving in town, and each evening in front of the hall.
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WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 16

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This Large and Popular Hall, situated in the centre of the City, capable of seating 1100 persons, furnished with a commodious Stage, Scenery, Ante-Rooms, Foot-lights, &c. Easy of access. To be rented for Concerts and First Class Exhibitions on liberal terms. Address B. G. LABRIN, 292 Washington street, Boston, or J. B. THAXTER, 300 Congress street, Portland.
14-tf*

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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

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SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
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The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
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THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
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Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
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Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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TO MANAGERS.
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BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
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opened for the Summer Season
ON
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14-tf R. W. BUTLER, Manager.

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THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
Has just added to her already extensive repertoire,
THREE NEW PIECES,
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Address care of Lafarge House. 13-tf

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FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,
DUKE AND HIS MOTTO,
PROVOST OF BURGES,
SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE,
ETHELWOLD,
14-3mo* BELPHEGOR, &c., &c., &c.

A CARD.---Mr. Charles Pope, will return from California about the 16th of August. Managers wishing to negotiate with him for Summer or Winter engagements, will please address CHAS. T. PARSLOE, or CLIPPER Office. 11-3t*

CHAMPION SHADES,
19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
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SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 15-tf

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To Agents of Concerts, Minstrels, Lectures, and other First Class Exhibitions. The above named Hall has lately been fitted up and is now offered for rent to all First Class Exhibitions. The Hall will accommodate at least 800 persons.
15-4t* Address EXPRESS AGENT, Binghampton.

AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY,
NOTICE. CLOSED
On the 4th of July, for a short summer season.
WILL REOPEN
ON MONDAY, THE 15TH of AUGUST, 1864,
Newly painted, decorated, and upholstered, refurnished with new and beautiful Scenery, Stage Appointments, &c.
15-tf R. W. BUTLER.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS.
The MSS. and PARTS of THE FEMALE SPY, THE RED RIGHT HAND, WINONA'S LEAP, YELVA AND HER FLYING STEED, and the PROTEAN plays of WOMAN'S WIT, OR SAVING A LOVER, (A THREE ACT DRAMA,) and THE FOUR NATIONS, for sale, at a sacrifice. Apply to CHERRY PETRIE,
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SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THEODORE DUTTON,
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers and the public generally, that he is now located at the
EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
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Where he will give his personal attention to the production in any style, of all kinds of
PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS,
Particularly adapted for
TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS,
CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES,
GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS,
TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
POLITICAL CLUBS.
T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 17-3m

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PIANIST WANTED BY THE ALLEGHANIANS.—
A PIANIST is wanted by the above-named Celebrated and Popular Concert Company—must be a thorough musician, and able to sing in quartettes; must also bear an irreproachable character. To a gentleman desirous of extensive travel, and seeing the world, this offers an unparalleled opportunity. The Alleghanians, after a brief tour in the United States, contemplate making their
SECOND GRAND TOUR
through the West Indies, South America, Australia, East Indies, and the continent of Europe, during the next three years.
Apply personally, or address me at my residence, corner of College avenue and Concord street, Mott Haven, N. Y.
17-3t* J. M. BOULARD.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE, TENN.--FRANK E. TANNEHILL, Lessee and Manager. Professionals of acknowledged talent desiring engagements, please apply to CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE, Dramatic Agent, 566 Broadway, corner of Prince street, or by letter, P. O. Box 2414. 17-3t*

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T. H. JACKSON,
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TO MANAGERS, ARTISTS, &c.--Three new and effective SENSATION DRAMAS—"The Adventurer," a melodrama in three acts; "Uncle Ezekiel's Exploits in Two Continents," a two-act Yankee drama; "The Indian Wife of the White Hunter," a four-act melo drama. Copies of the above can be obtained from their author, WILLIE WARE,
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WANTED.---Several DANSEUSES, to travel through the Eastern and Western States. Engagements made for six months or one year. Address (stamp enclosed)
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J. E. McDONOUGH,
Will commence his Third Engagement
At McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO,
On the First of August, Producing his Novel Spectacle of
THE SEVEN SISTERS,
Replete with costly Scenery, Wardrobe, and Appointments.
MR. McDONOUGH
Begs leave to announce that he has entered into an Engagement with
MISS LOTTA,
From California,
THE MOST WONDERFUL COMMEDIENNE
NOW UPON THE STAGE.
She will appear in the character of
TARTARINE,
Introducing all her varied characters.
Managers wishing to negotiate will address
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CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.
This establishment will close, Saturday, July 30th, 1864. Business will be resumed
MONDAY, AUGUST 22d, 1864.
Performers of acknowledged ability wishing engagements should apply at once to CHRIS. NORRIS,
Box 930, Post Office, Philadelphia.
NOTE.—This is the only Music Hall of any account in the Quaker City, our various rivals having died a natural death, caused by ignorance and want of knowledge of the business. 16-tf

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MARION W. LEFFINGWELL.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated
VERSATILE ACTOR
FOR
LEADING BUSINESS,
AND HIS WIFE FOR FIRST SINGING AND WALKING LADIES, OR SOUBRETTES,
the coming season, can address M. W. LEFFINGWELL,
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CARD TO PERFORMERS.
LEA'S COMBINATION TROUPE
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LEA'S COMBINATION TROUPE
were considered the
BEST COMPANY
that ever visited New Orleans, and made considerable MONEY and REPUTATION for themselves, several MOUNTEBANKS, DISCHARGED STAGE MANAGERS, and others are concocting schemes to engage performers on their own book, at the same time informing artists that LEA'S COMBINATION will not go to New Orleans next Season. DON'T BELIEVE IT. GEORGE LEA WILL GO, and with him take a company that will astonish the citizens of New Orleans, and also cast into shade
ALL OPPOSITION.
Performers can make engagements now, or at any time, up to September 15th. Contracts made for threee, six, nine, or twelve months. Fare to either of the above mentioned places paid to and from New York. Also
BIGGER SALARIES
THAN ANY OTHER MANAGER.
One, two, three, or four weeks salary paid in advance, if required, or paid in gold. Address all communications to
GEORGE LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C.
ONE HUNDRED YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET WANTED immediately. Address as above. 16-tf

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TERRE HAUTE THEATRES, INDIANA.
WANTED for the Fall and Winter Seasons,
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A GOOD DRAMATIC COMPANY.
None but First Class Artists need apply, to whom good Salaries will be paid.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Will please address "MANAGER," Box 1095, P. O.,
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TO OPERA AND MINSTREL TROUPES.---A TENOR and BALLAD SINGER, with a good voice and knowledge of Music, is open for an engagement with responsible Managers. Address, stating salary, &c., E. K. LEWIS, Baltimore, Md. 16-2t*

TO MANAGERS.---George Lascelles, Comedian and "CHARACTER ACTOR," late of Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is prepared to engage for next season. Address
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SAM RAINFORTH.--Sam Rainforth, the great Pantomimist, Ballet Master, Fancy Dancer, and Low Comedian, having just concluded a very fine engagement with Davis & McLear's Hippotheatron, also from Hooley's Opera House, and Barnum's Museum, N. Y., is open for engagements. Address
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THE FAMOUS AMERICAN
EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE,

Consisting of
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the distinguished and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress, acknowledged by the press and the public to be
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MR. O. B. COLLINS,
the celebrated Melo-Dramatic Actor and Equestrian, with
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE
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THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA,
AND GRAY EAGLE.
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THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP,
THE BRIGAND QUEEN,
JENNIE DIVER, THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN,
THE DEMON HUNTSMAN,
THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK,
New Dramas, written expressly for this troupe,
Also,
MAZEPPA, PUTNAM, DICK TURPIN,
JACK RANN, MIKE MARTIN, JACK SHEPPARD,
EAGLE EYE, NICK WHIFFLES, HERNE THE HUNTER,
TIMOUR THE TARTAR, MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
THE FEMALE SPY, EL HYDER, CLAUDE DUVAL.
HENRY B. GATES .... BUSINESS MANAGER.
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UPWARDS OF
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A LIVING LION IN THE STREET
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TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY,
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.
Commencing at 2½ and 7½ P. M.
Admission.....50 cents.
Children under twelve.....25 cents.
The company intend visiting the following places according to the dates given below:—

JULY.	
Friday, 1st, Milwaukee;	Saturday, 16th, Madison;
Saturday, 2d, Waukesha;	Monday, 18th, Whitewater;
Monday, 4th, Watertown;	Tuesday, 19th, Janesville;
Tuesday, 5th, Horicon;	Wednesday, 20th, Beloit;
Wednesday, 6th, Fon du Lac;	Thursday, 21st, Belvidere;
Thursday, 7th, Oshkosh;	Friday, 22d, Rockford;
Friday, 8th, Berlin;	Saturday, 23d, Freeport;
Saturday, 9th, Ripon;	Monday, 25th, Monroe;
Monday, 11th, Waupon;	Tuesday, 26th, Darlington;
Tuesday, 12th, Beaver Dam;	Wednesday, 27, Mineral Point
Wednesday, 13th, Columbus;	Thursday, 28th, Plattville;
Thursday, 14th, Portage City;	Friday, 29th, Dubuque;
Friday, 15th, Lodi;	Saturday, 30th, Galena.
AUGUST.	
Monday, 1st, Mount Carroll;	Tuesday, 16th, Wappelo;
Tuesday, 2d, Sterling;	Wednesday, 17th, Burlington;
Wednesday, 3d, Dixon;	Thursday, 18th, Monmouth;
Thursday, 4th, Amboy;	Friday, 19th, Galesburg;
Friday, 5th, Mendota;	Saturday, 20th, Farmington;
Saturday, 6th, Ottawa;	Monday, 22d, Peoria;
Monday, 8th, Lasalle;	Tuesday, 23d, Pekin;
Tuesday, 9th, Princeton;	Wednesday, 24, Bloomington;
Wednesday, 10th, Neponsett;	Thursday, 25th, Clinton;
Thursday, 11th, Genesco;	Friday, 26th, Decatur;
Friday, 12th, Rock Island;	Saturday, 27th, Lincoln;
Saturday, 13th, Davenport;	Monday, 29th, Springfield.
Monday, 15th, Muscatine;	17-tf

THE AUTOCRAT OF AMUSEMENTS.
THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND
YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND,
with the addition of the celebrated
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The combination of the above talented family with this already extensive troupe renders the company perfect in every respect, and unequalled and unapproachable in the whole country. Besides the many features for which this favorite troupe are so singularly celebrated, the vocal and instrumental talent of the Berger Family is the wonder and admiration of all.
The press and the public have universally conceded them to be "the best show of the day." They now doubly claim the right to that proud distinction.
They are about again to visit all the principal cities of the West, and would say to their many friends in that section, that they claim to be infinitely superior to what they were on their former visit.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, J. HENEAGE CARTER.
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Theatre, Indianapolis....	July	18....	Twelve nights.
do Bangor.....	Aug.	3....	Ten do
do Portland.....	Aug.	15....	Twelve do
do Portsmouth.....	Aug.	29....	Three do
do Worcester.....	Sept.	1....	Three do
do Springfield.....	Sept.	5....	Six do
do Hartford.....	Sept.	12....	Three do
do New Haven.....	Sept.	15....	Three do
Howard Athenæum, Boston, Sept. 19....			Eighteen nights.
DeBar's Theatre, St. Louis, Oct. 10....			Twelve do
Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 24....			Eighteen nights.

Communications to be addressed as above. 15.2t*

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ON GUARD;
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Lucretia Borgia, Camille, Fanchon, Fast Lynne, Evadne, Hunchback, The Blind Girl's Love, Ion, Stranger, Love, Wrecker's Daughter, Sea of Ice, Actress of Padua, Hamlet, Lucille, Agnes De Vere, Love Chase, Love's Sacrifice, Madelaine, School for Scandal, Honey Moon, Green Bushes, Octoroon, Rough Diamond, Young Scamp, Louise de Lignerolles, Ingomar, &c., &c.
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This very versatile and talented actress is GREETED nightly by PACKED and ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSES, at the above theatre, and her noble Arab barb,
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